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October 2011

Highlights

Fun with a Purpose®

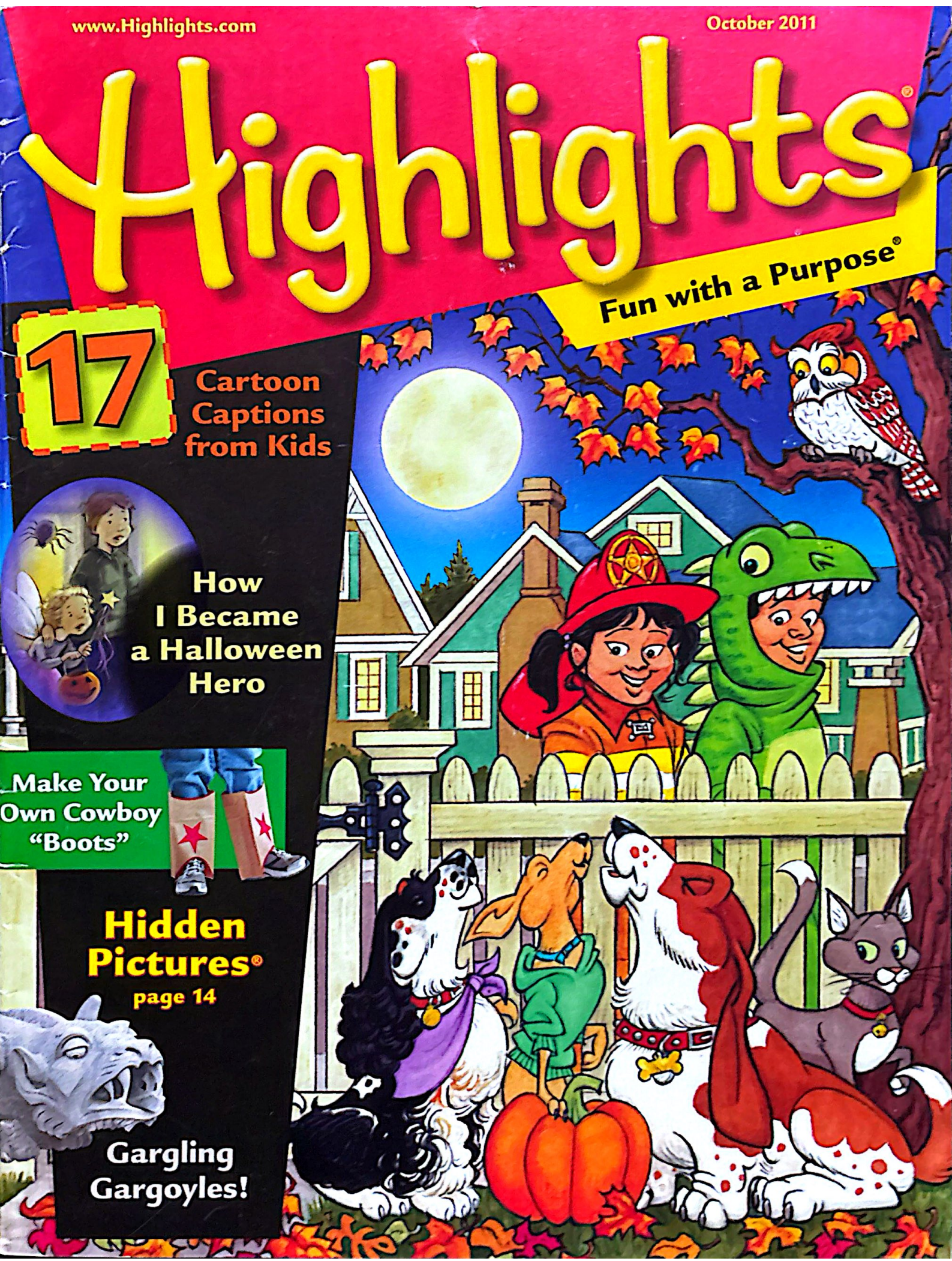
17 Cartoon Captions from Kids

How I Became a Halloween Hero

Make Your Own Cowboy "Boots"

Hidden Pictures®
page 14

Gargling Gargoyles!



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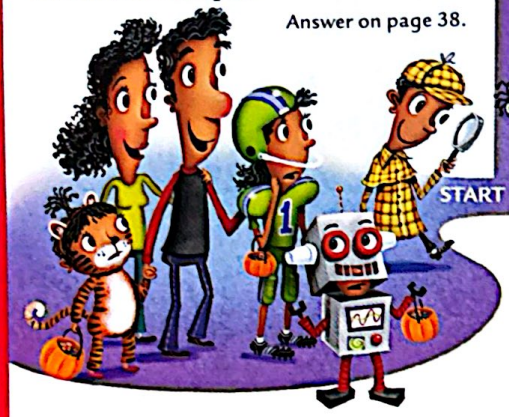
Fun This Month

Trick or Treat! Where's Our Street?

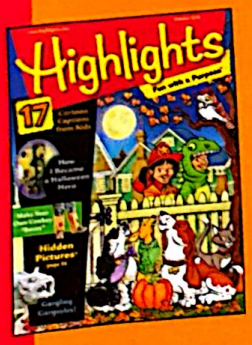
After an evening of trick-or-treating, this family must find its way home. Which path is clear of Halloween hoopla?

Answer on page 38.



5 Funny Ways to Festoon a Pumpkin

1. Cut out features from felt. With an adult's help, use thumbtacks to attach them to a pumpkin.
2. Use acrylic paints to create a face. Add yarn hair or a costume wig, a funny hat (or even an old lampshade!), silly glasses, and toy jewelry.
3. Turn a pumpkin on its side, and use the stem as the nose.
4. Decorate a pumpkin using items from nature, such as leaves, rocks, seashells, acorns, moss, pinecones, sticks, and bark.
5. Don't have a pumpkin? Decorate an eggplant, a yam, a head of cabbage, or even a watermelon!



Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these 10 pictures at another place in this magazine?

Mystery Photo

Answer on page 38.

Tongue Twister

Slippery silver slippers, please!

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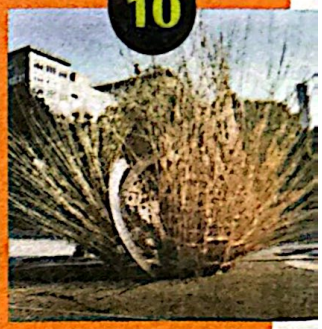
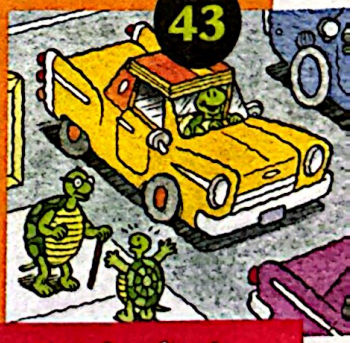
October 2011
Highlights for Children
VOLUME 66 • NUMBER 10 • ISSUE NO. 720

October





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He's hairy, he's scary . . . or is he? Check out Monster Me.

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READING ★ Early ◆ Moderate ■ Advanced
▲ CREATIVE and CRITICAL THINKING
● SOCIAL-EMOTIONAL LEARNING
↖ Interactive Version on HighlightsKids.com

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Dear Reader

Not So Different After All

At *Highlights,* we sometimes publish articles about real kids who live in faraway parts of the world. This month, you can read a true story about a young girl named Ataka (pages 22–24). Ataka lives in the African desert, and her family is nomadic. That means they move from place to place. They live in tents, and they never stay anywhere for long.

As I read this story, I thought about all the ways that Ataka's life is different from mine—and probably yours. I've moved a few times in my life, but it is hard to imagine moving every month or so, as Ataka's family does. I love to go camping, but I wonder: How is it different to live in a tent every day? Would I like that?

But just as I'm thinking about all the ways Ataka's life is different, I start thinking about all the ways Ataka's life is similar to ours. For example, like most of us, she has chores to do every day. She also practices the faith of her family, as I know many of you do. She enjoys playing games with her family and laughing and singing together. And when her father is away, she misses him very much. I think maybe we are not so different after all, and that's a neat thing to know.

Have you ever met someone who seemed pretty different from you—and then you discovered that you had a lot in common after all? I'd love for you to write or e-mail me and tell me about that experience.

Your friend,

Christine

Christine French Cully, Editor in Chief
Christine@Highlights.com

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Covers: Halloween Howling by Rocky Fuller; What's Wrong?™ by BB Sams

Illustration credits: Page 2: Kevin Zimmer; 6: Goofus and Gallant by Leslie Harrington, Word Web by Geoffrey Brittingham; 10: Building Holy Huts by David Coulson; 12: Go Fish! by Geoffrey Brittingham, Whirling Weather Words by Judith Moffatt and Bill Hoffman; 18: Tongue Twisters by Wally Neibart, Digit-al Mysteries by Lyn Martin; 28: dinosaur art from *Dougal Dixon's Dinosaurs*, courtesy of Boyds Mills Press, Inc.; 29: The Science of Flight by Paul Montgomery; 38: Your Best Self by Karen Stormer Brooks. *Photo credits:* Page 2: John Foxx/Thinkstock; 4: S.S. Erb; 12: David Burton/Alamy; 15: Mike Powell/Thinkstock; 28: Comstock/Thinkstock; 29: (top) courtesy of NASA, (bottom) Guy Cali Associates, Inc.

Our Mission

This magazine of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for ***children are the world's most important people®.***

Highlights for Children®

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Think Green!

Finished with this issue? Save it to reread, or pass it along to a friend, classroom, or library. If it's too worn to be read anymore, please recycle it.

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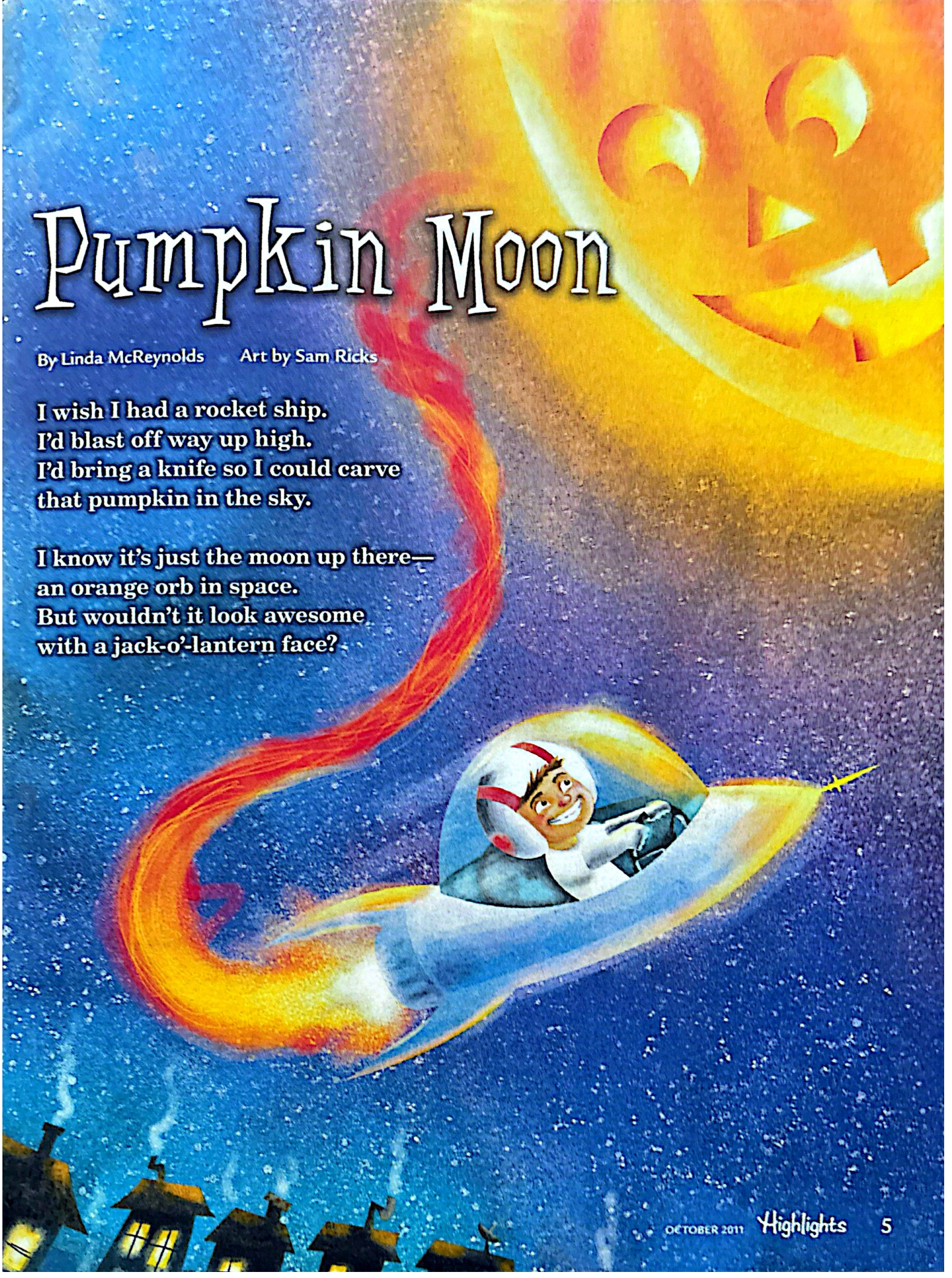
Pumpkin Moon

By Linda McReynolds Art by Sam Ricks

I wish I had a rocket ship.
I'd blast off way up high.
I'd bring a knife so I could carve
that pumpkin in the sky.

I know it's just the moon up there—
an orange orb in space.
But wouldn't it look awesome
with a jack-o'-lantern face?



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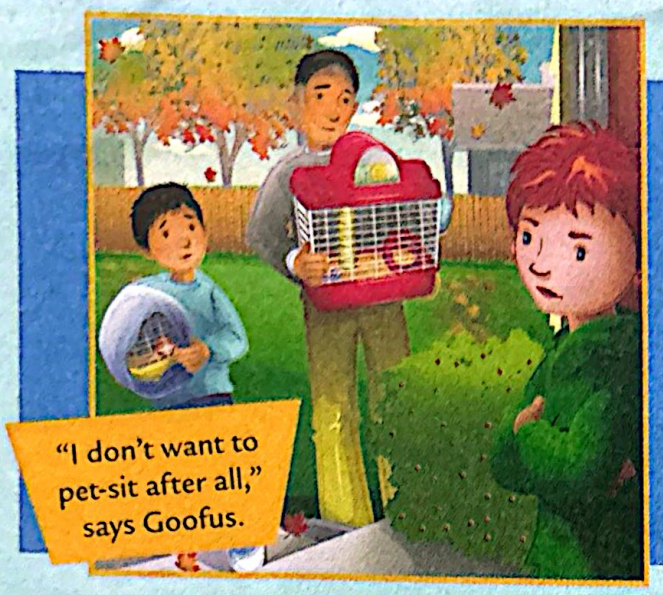
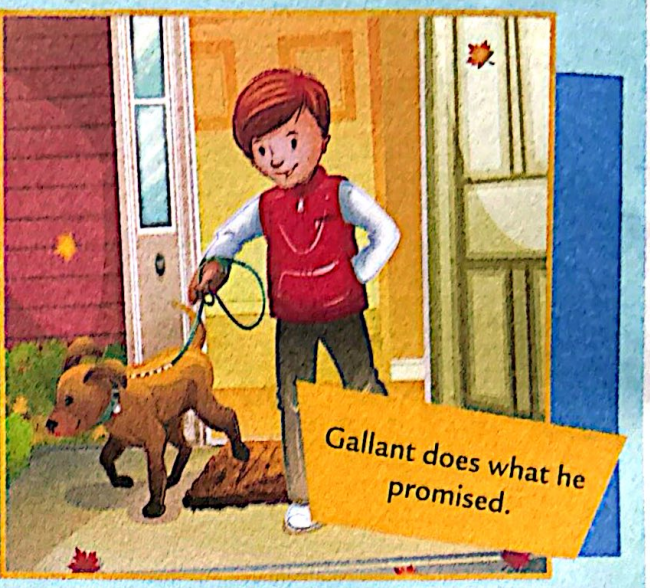
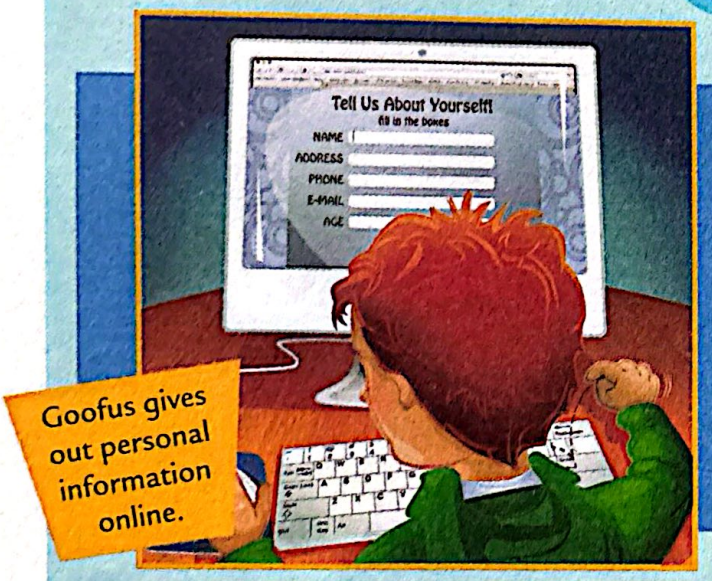
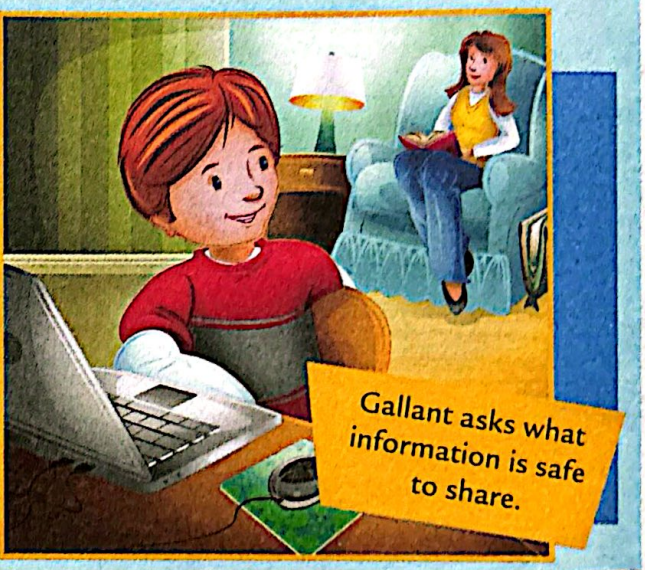




Goofus and Gallant®





"I feel like Goofus when I lose my glasses."
Sofia, Age 7, Massachusetts

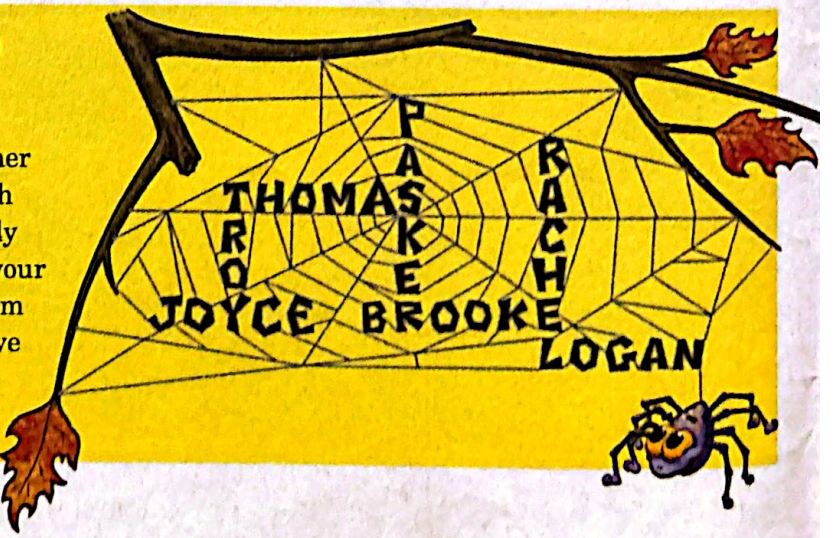
"I felt like Gallant when I talked to a new kid at school to make him feel welcome."
Johnny, Age 10, Louisiana

"I'll need to see your haunting license."

Word Web

By Joyce Pasker

For fun, weave together a group of words (such as the names of family members or a list of your hobbies). Connect them using letters they have in common.



There's some of Goofus and Gallant in us all.
When the Gallant shines through, we show our best self.

Gallant Kids

Helping Out at Halloween

Every year at Halloween, American kids of all ages go trick-or-treating, hoping to bring home as much candy as possible. Twelve-year-old Madelynne Caralli goes trick-or-treating, too. She's happy to get candy. But she really wants food. Madelynne trick-or-treats for donations to give to hungry people.

Madelynne's project began several years ago, when she read a book about children who volunteer in their communities. She decided to collect food for her county food bank. "My mom explained to me that there are people who don't have any food, and I wanted to help them. Everyone should have food," she explains.

"Egyptian princess" Madelynne Caralli trick-or-treats and collects food for hungry people.

Soup and Cereal, Please

Madelynne and her mother visited the food bank Web site to find out what kinds of food were needed. Then they got in touch with people in their neighborhood and told them that Madelynne would be looking for donations on Halloween. She and her mother suggested things like canned soups, bags of cereal, and boxes of macaroni and cheese—items that can be stored for a long time without spoiling.

On the night she trick-or-treats, Madelynne puts on her costume and walks through the neighborhood collecting the donated items. She says she's been surprised to see how much food people are willing to give. Last Halloween, "some people gave so much that the bags were breaking," she said.

Helping Hands

In the past four years, Madelynne has collected a total of 645 pounds of food. That amount of food helped feed 16 families for a week!

Madelynne doesn't carry all the food herself. Her friend Jordyn helps her carry the heavy bags.

After Halloween, Madelynne and her mother take the food to the food bank. There it is sorted and then given to people who need it.

This year, Madelynne plans on expanding her food drive. She will be trick-or-treating in her grandmother's neighborhood as well as her own. "It makes you feel good to know that so many people want to help," she says.

The neighbors also give Madelynne candy for her own trick-or-treat bag. But according to Madelynne, her favorite part of the Halloween food drive is not the candy. It's "the feeling that I'm helping people."

Highlights is proud to know this Gallant Kid.

—Cynthia Bombach Helzel

Photos by Denise Caralli.

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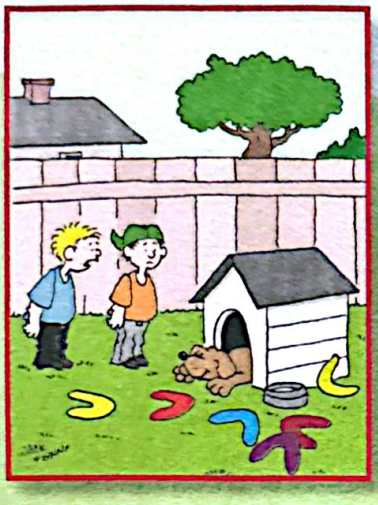
You Helped the Cartoonists!

Thanks for sending us your hilarious captions. Here are a few of them, along with the cartoonists' original punch lines.



Here's cartoonist Jack Flynn's original caption:

"No wonder they never came back!"

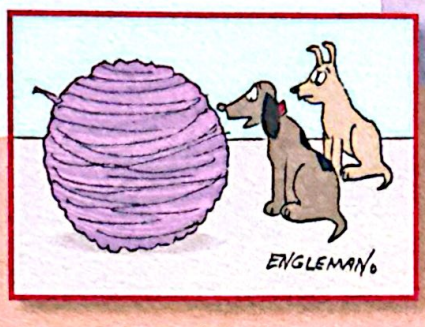
"It's so he can play fetch when I'm at school."
Katie Land, Age 10
Indiana

"You should see his yo-yo collection."
Jacob Condi, Age 11
New Hampshire

"Now I know why you named him Boomerang."
Orion Resh, Age 6
Pennsylvania

"Buddy's really in the doghouse now!"
Isabella Garcia, Age 10
New Mexico

"He dreams about these boomerangs, and memories of them come back to him."
Olivia Edwards, Age 8
Georgia



Cartoonist Earl Engleman wrote this caption:

"If they have a cat that plays with this, we're in big trouble!"

"Maybe there's a bone inside."
William Hackerson, Age 9
Minnesota

"When they ask where the cat went, give them the innocent look."
Delilah McCarville-Kruse, Age 10
Washington

Dog #1: What is that?
Yarn: Hello, I am from a planet far, far away. Take me to your weaver.
Dog #2: Aaahhh! It spoke!
Sheen Hun Chiu, Age 9
Illinois

"Wow! I wonder what the knitting needles look like."
Jana Steyn, Age 8
British Columbia, Canada

"Somewhere, a very large cat is very sad."
Jackson DiLullo, Age 9
New Jersey

"Is that a purple meatball?"
Jimmy Choi, Age 7
California

"I wish we hadn't played with that shrink ray."
Addie Robison, Age 9
Idaho

Cartoonist Bob Vojtko came up with this caption:

"I thought if I turned it down far enough, it might snow."

"If I set this thing higher, I could cook a pizza in my room."
Trenton McEndree, Age 8
Wisconsin

"I just found out that it's this thing's fault that it's so hot in here!"
Michael Kane, Age 9
Maryland

Boy: What's this?
Mom: It's for the temperature in the house.
Boy: I didn't know the house was sick!
Butterfly Bray, Age 12
Kansas

"My teacher says heat rises, so I need to adjust the temperature for short people like me."
Anna Honohan, Age 7
Massachusetts

"I have to turn up the heat because my lizard is in the house somewhere."
Cecilia Koncerak, Age 11
Pennsylvania

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Apple Waiting

By Marilyn Kratz
Art by Len Ebert

One summer day, Ellie ran outside with a basket.

"May I pick some apples from the apple tree?" she asked Mom.

"The apples are too little," Mom said. "You have to wait."

So Ellie waited.

One late summer day, Ellie took out her basket again. "The apples are bigger. May I pick some now?"

"The apples are too green," Mom said. "Wait until they're red."

So Ellie waited.

One fall day, Ellie carried her basket to the apple tree.

Big red apples lay on the grass.

"Look, Mom!" Ellie shouted. "The apples got tired of waiting, too!"

Scanned with CamScanner

Building Holy Huts

By Debra Hess

A Jewish tradition becomes the idea for a contest.

Every fall, many Jewish people around the world celebrate the holiday of *Sukkot*. They build huts in their backyards, and if it is warm and dry outside, they live in those shelters for seven days and nights. Living in a *sukkah* is meant to remind Jewish people that for 40 years their ancestors lived in huts in the desert. In modern times, it has also become a reminder that many people do not have a place to call home.

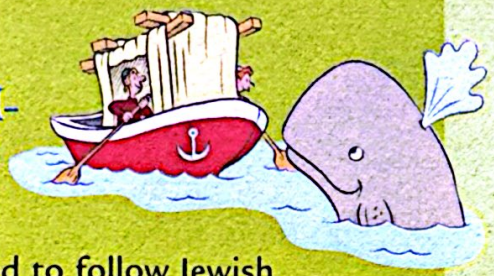
***Sukkot* is the name of the holiday. It is also the plural of *sukkah*.**

In 2010, a reporter named Joshua Foer was building his own sukkah when he came up with an idea. He wondered what it would be like to have a contest for people around the world to use their imaginations to create modern sukkot. It would be a design competition. But the sukkot would have to be built according to Jewish law.

Joshua got in touch with his friend Roger Bennett. They announced the contest in May 2010. More than 600 designers sent plans into the Sukkah City contest. Twelve were chosen as finalists. Then those finalists were each given money so they could build their sukkot in a park in New York City. People building the final sukkot were from the United States, France, England, Japan, and Germany. They were Jewish, Catholic, Muslim, and Bahai.

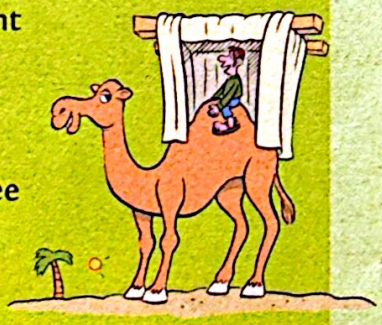
More than 17,000 people voted for the winner. At the end of the contest, the sukkot were sold. The money was then given to a group that helps homeless people.

Three-Thousand-Year-Old Laws



Contestants had to follow Jewish laws for building a *sukkah*. These laws are found in an ancient book called the Talmud. Some of the laws are surprising!

- It can be built on a boat.
- It can be built on top of a camel.
- It can have an elephant or a whale for a wall.
- The roof cannot be made of utensils.
- It may be built in a tree but not under a tree.
- It must have at least two and a half walls.



A sukkah is usually made with a pinewood frame and walls of cloth such as burlap, sheets, or blankets. Sometimes bamboo fencing is used for the walls.

Photos: page 10 by Rafael Ben-Ari/Alamy; page 11 by Nephi Niven Stogner.

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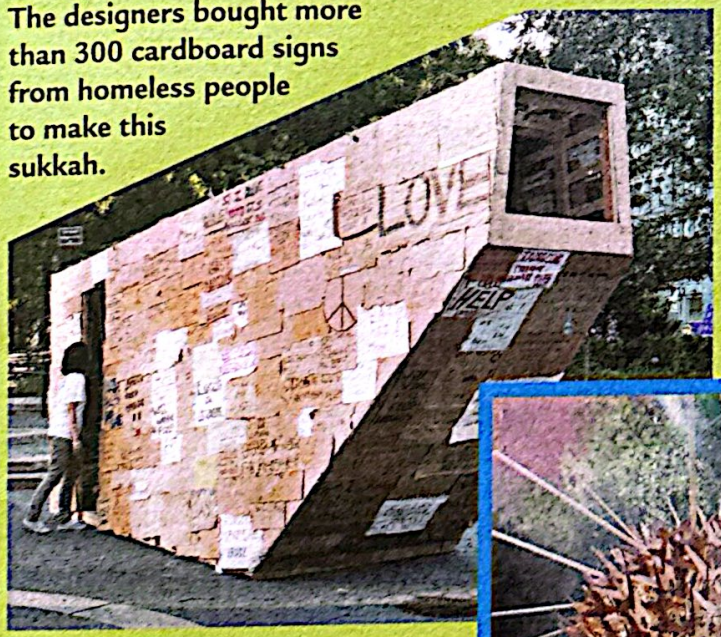
This sukkah was the winner!

This sukkah is a bubble made of plywood, marsh grass, and twine.

The designers bought more than 300 cardboard signs from homeless people to make this sukkah.



An 18-foot-long tree trunk balanced on top of glass walls made this the sukkah most likely to break. It did not!

Make a Sukkot harvest scene! Find out how on HighlightsKids.com.

This sukkah is a tangle of wood made from Israeli olive trees and American walnut and maple trees.

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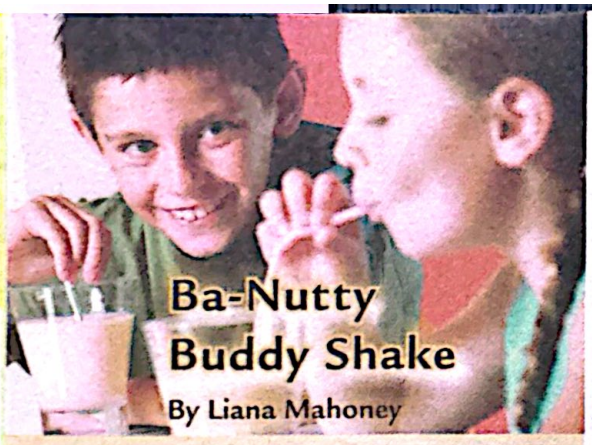


Ba-Nutty Buddy Shake

By Liana Mahoney

This shake's for sharing!

Ask an adult for help with the blender.

1. Peel 1 ripe **banana**, break it into chunks, and drop it into a blender.
2. Add 1 cup of **ice cream or frozen yogurt**, 1 teaspoon of **vanilla extract**, and ½ cup of **milk**.
3. Blend the mixture until it's smooth.
4. Add 2 tablespoons of **peanut butter**. Blend the mixture again. Pour it into cups.

Makes two 1-cup servings.

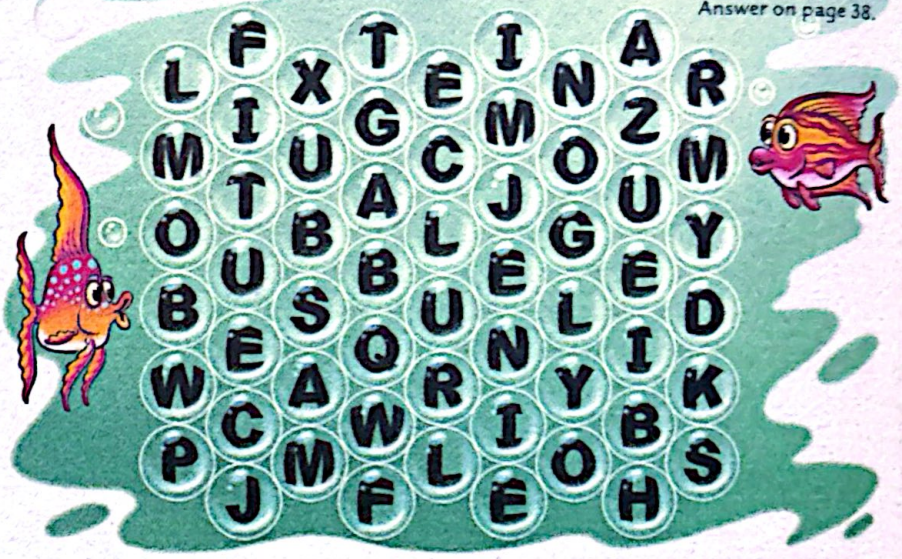
Go Fish!

By Cassie Brenn

What do fish buy at candy stores?

To spell out the answer, find the correct path from fish to fish.

Answer on page 38.



Whirling Weather Words

By Sherry Timberman

A gust of wind separated some eight-letter weather words into pairs of letters. Rearrange the letter pairs after each definition to figure out the words.

Example:
rays of brightness from our nearest star su ig nl ht = sunlight

1. cold enough to turn water into ice — zi fr ng ee
2. cloud cover with no sun visible — st er ov ca
3. prediction of upcoming weather — re ca fo st
4. measurement of water-drop precipitation — in ll fa ra
5. moisture in the air — di mi ty hu
6. severe snowstorm — rd iz za bl
7. very light rain shower — ri nk sp le
8. weather warning — ry ad so vi

Answers on page 38.

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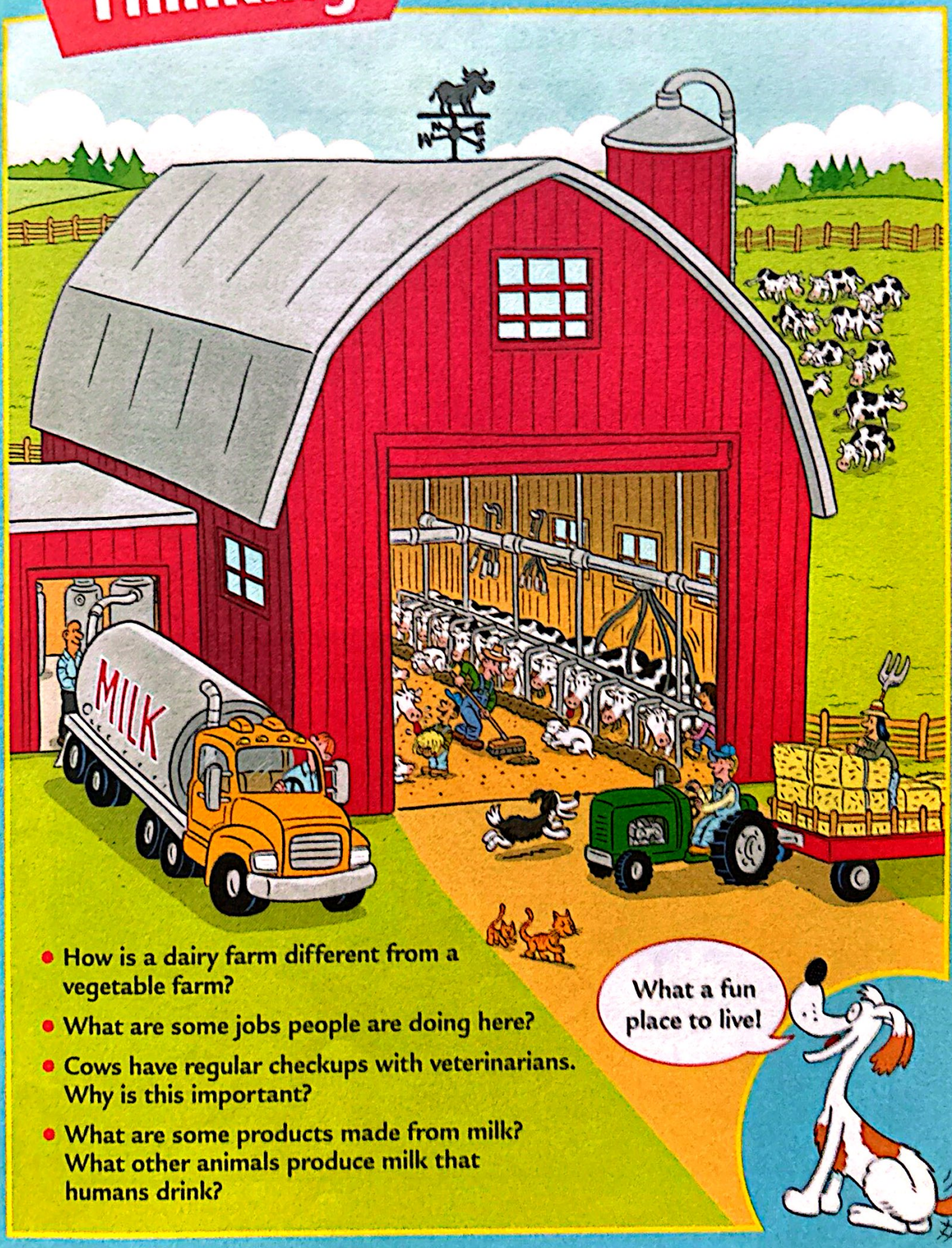
Thinking

On the Dairy Farm



- How is a dairy farm different from a vegetable farm?
- What are some jobs people are doing here?
- Cows have regular checkups with veterinarians. Why is this important?
- What are some products made from milk? What other animals produce milk that humans drink?

Art by David Coulson.

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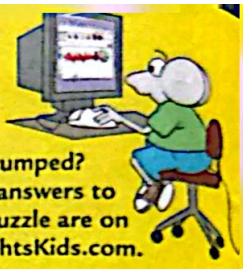
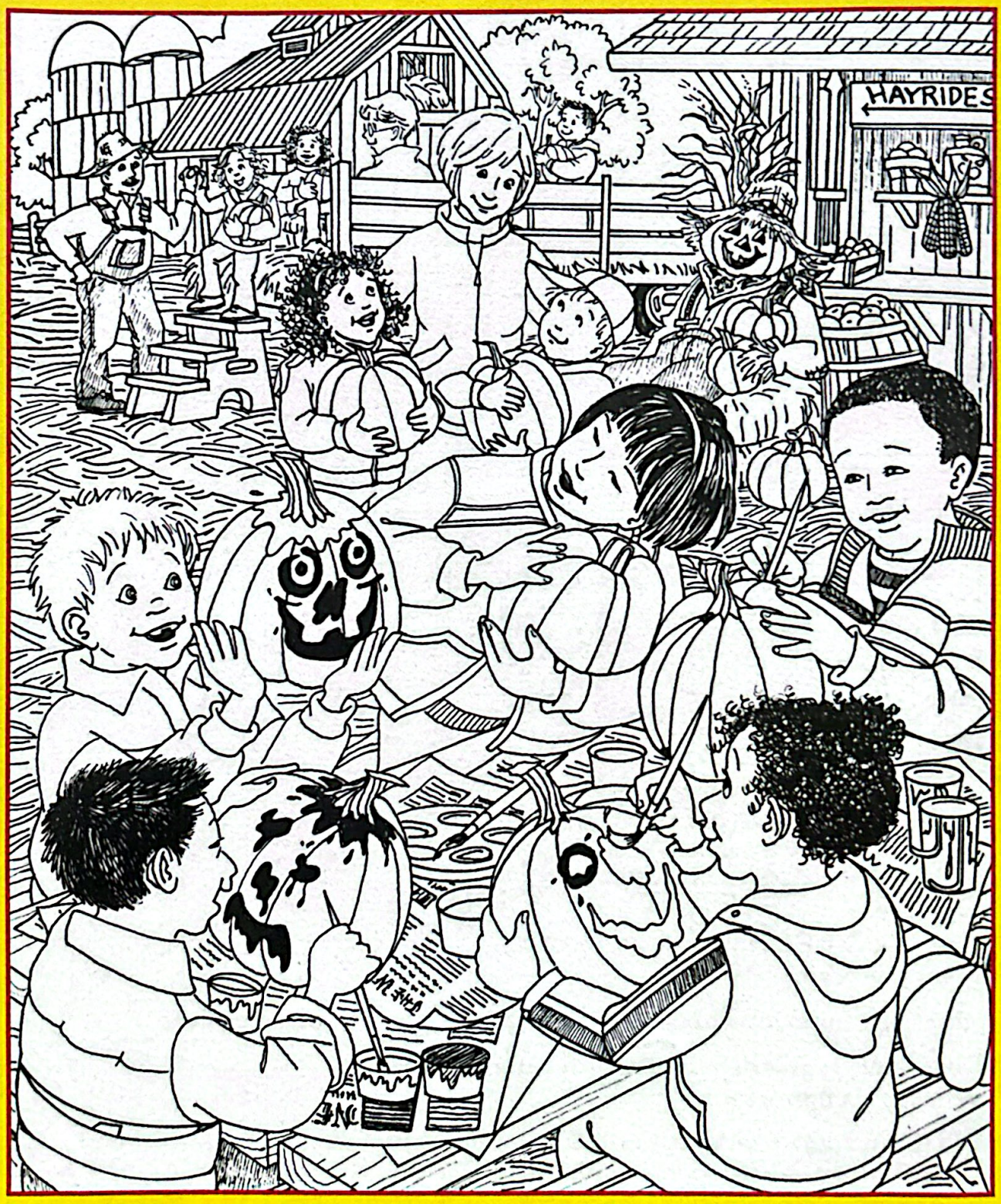


Stumped? The answers to this puzzle are on HighlightsKids.com.

Painting Pumpkins

By Linda Weller



In this big picture, find the fish, canoe, saucepan, sailboat, bell, toothbrush, crayon, banana, ice-cream bar, slice of pie, musical note, and candle.

Scanned with CamScanner

Want a challenge?

Fold back this page to hide the picture clues.

canoe

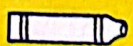
fish

saucepan

sailboat

bell

toothbrush



crayon

banana

slice of pie

ice-cream bar

candle

musical note

BONUS!

Can you also find the mushroom, eyeglasses, goose, and screwdriver?

ha hee Jokes hee ha

Olivia: Did you see the tree get struck by lightning?
Ethan: Yes—it was shocking!
Jacob Brieske, Wisconsin

A book never written: *Places to Exercise* by Jim Nasium.
Spencer McNamara, Maryland

Two boys were arguing about whose dog was smarter.
Ted: My dog brings me the paper every day.
Fred: I know.
Ted: How?
Fred: My dog told me!
Eva Likhtar, South Carolina

Patient: Doctor, last night I had a bad dream. There was a door with a sign on it. I pushed and pushed on the door, but I couldn't open it.
Doctor: What did the sign say?
Patient: "Pull."
Hannah Jewett, Florida

Marissa: A butcher has a wife and three kids. He loves to eat candy, and he is good at four kinds of puzzles. What does he weigh?
Mom: I don't know. What?
Marissa: He weighs meat—he's a butcher!
Marissa Williams, Iowa

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Juneau."

"Juneau who?"

"Juneau where Alaska is?"
Quincy Quarles, California

Send the funniest joke or riddle you've ever heard, with your name, age, and full address, to

Highlights
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

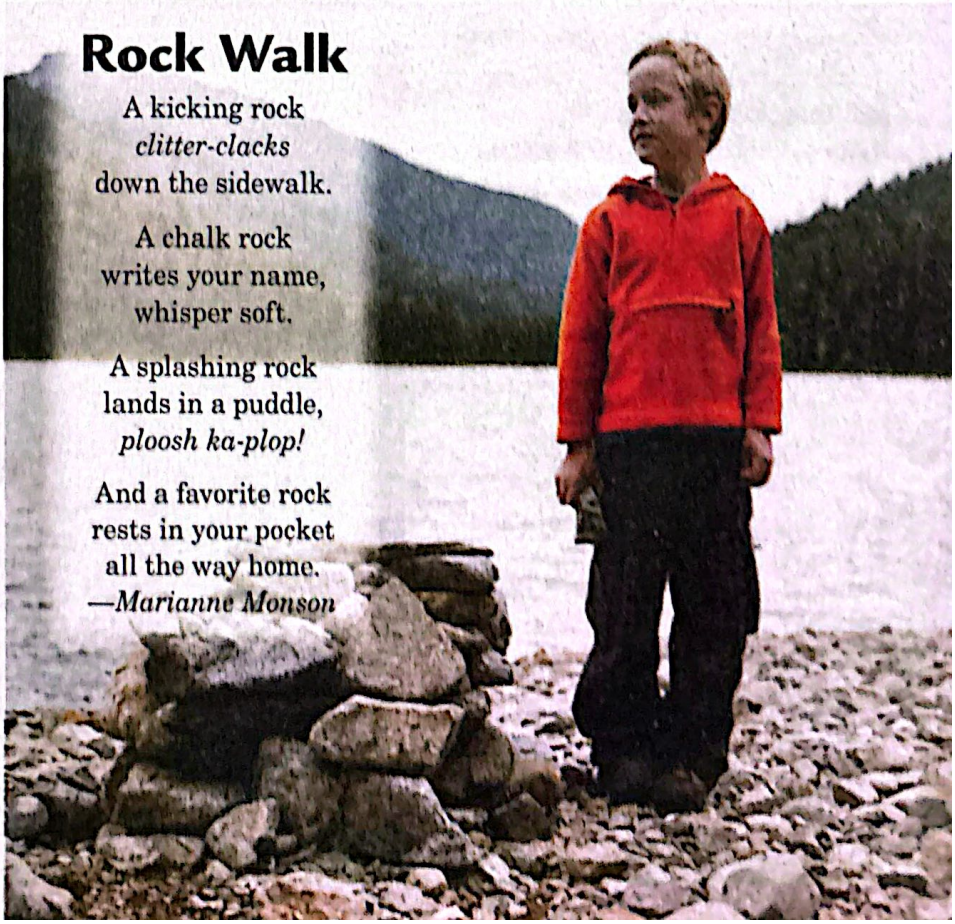
Rock Walk

A kicking rock
clitter-clacks
down the sidewalk.

A chalk rock
writes your name,
whisper soft.

A splashing rock
lands in a puddle,
ploosh ka-plop!

And a favorite rock
rests in your pocket
all the way home.
—*Marianne Monson*



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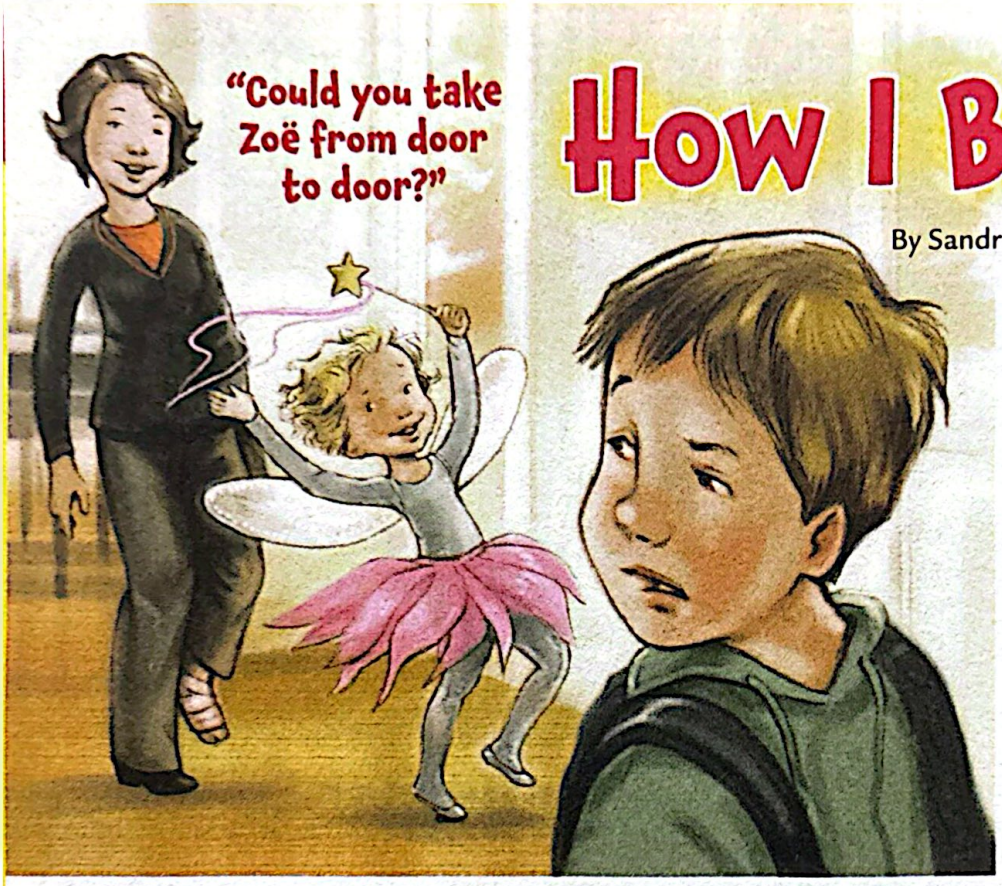

How I Became a

By Sandra Beswetherick Art by Karen Lee

"Will you take me trick-or-treating, Chad?" Zoë asked when I came home from school. My little sister was already wearing her fairy wings and clutching a wand.

"Mom's taking you," I said.

"Mommy slipped on the mat and hurt her ankle."

Mom limped down the hallway just then, her left ankle wrapped in an elastic bandage. "I'll be OK sitting in the car. But could you take Zoë from door to door? She's really been looking forward to tonight."

"I've been looking forward to it, too," I said.

I had to admit, though, Zoë was more excited than I was. She'd been trying on her costume every day for a week. "I'm a fairy," she'd say, twirling around.

"I have plans with my friends," I said. Our plans consisted of racing around the neighborhood to collect as much candy as we could, not bothering too much with costumes.

"Please, Chad," Zoë begged.

"Fine." *There goes my chance for fun and candy*, I thought.

Zoë twirled away on her toes.

Later, Zoë skipped up the walk to the first house while I hung back. "I don't want anyone knowing that I'm taking you trick-or-treating," I'd said to her. I'd told my friends that I couldn't hang out with them tonight, but if they found out why, I'd never live it down.

I looked over my shoulder at Mom sitting in the car at the end of the block. When I turned back, Zoë was already 15 steps ahead. "Zoë, wait!"

Zoë stopped and turned around. "Hurry, hurry," she said. I ran to catch up. Looking after her would be more work than I'd expected.

"Trick or treat!" she said at the next house.

The door opened. A woman stepped out. "Aren't you cute."

Zoë held up her candy bag.

"Are you alone?" the woman asked, peering around worriedly.

"No." Zoë wiggled a finger at

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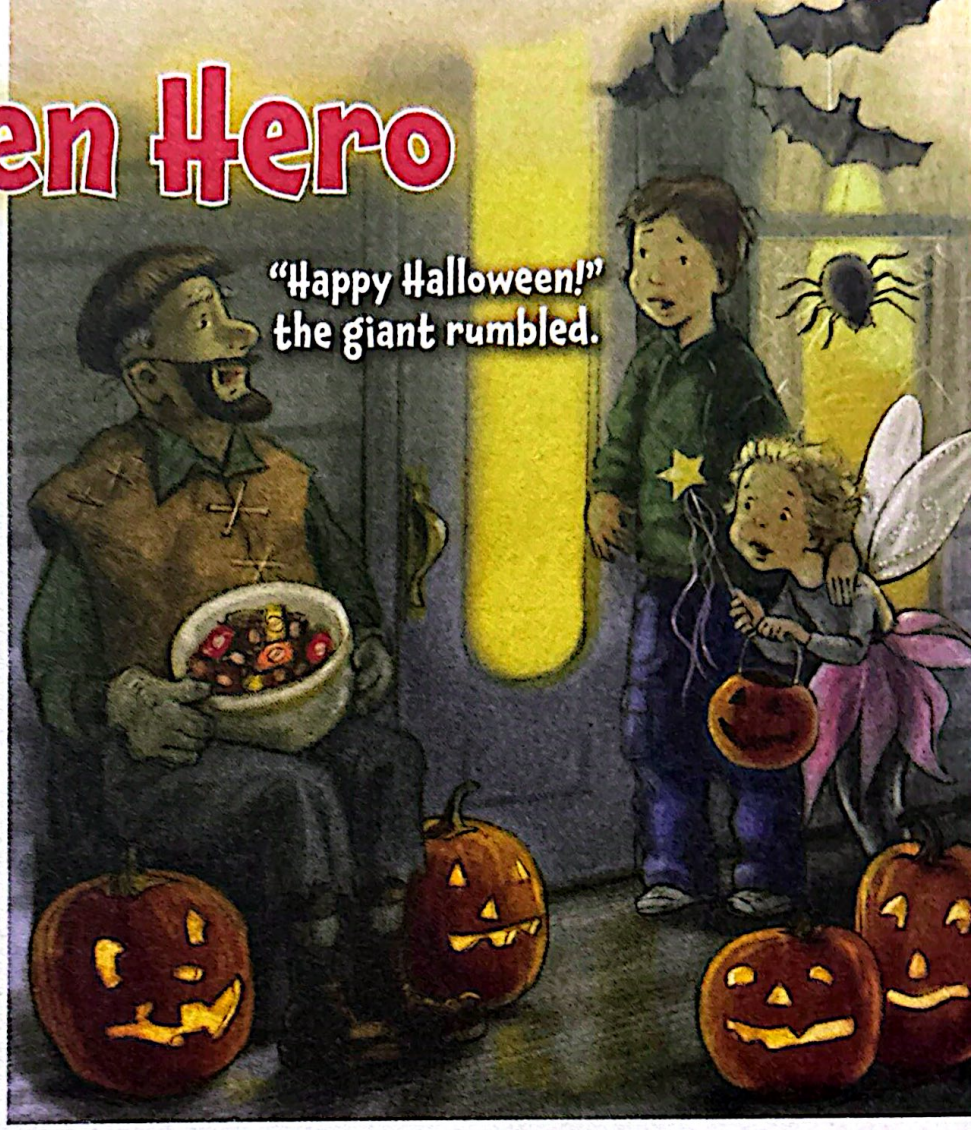
Halloween Hero



my hiding place in the bushes. *Oh no,* I thought. *She's going to announce me to the world.*

"Can *he* have a candy bar, too, please?" Zoë asked instead.

The woman laughed. "Catch!" A candy bar sailed toward me.

"Thanks," I called, putting the candy bar in the bag Mom had insisted I bring.

I thanked Zoë, too.

"That's what good fairies do," she said.

Zoë skipped and twirled from one house to the next. People's faces lit up like jack-o'-lanterns as soon as they saw her. A cat came to one door, and Zoë gently tapped its head with her wand. "Now you'll have lots of tuna to eat," she said. I had to laugh. And Zoë always remembered to ask for candy for me.

Even magical fairies grow tired, though. Toward the end, I was carrying Zoë's treat bag and handing it to her right before we arrived at each door.

At the last house, four jack-o'-lanterns blazed on the front steps, and bats fluttered from the porch roof. Stretched across a window was a gauzy web with a fat spider in the middle. And a giant sat on a chair in the corner. I was surprised that Mr. Gordy, an older neighbor who lived alone, had gone to so much trouble.

If my friends found out what I was doing, I'd never live it down.

Zoë gripped my hand. "I'm scared of spiders."

I'd be totally visible in the porch light if I went with her. But after a quick check for my friends, I said, "OK, let's go."

Zoë knocked on the front door while I stood guard against spiders.

"Happy Halloween," the giant rumbled.

Zoë shrieked. To our surprise, the giant was Mr. Gordy in costume. Zoë giggled as Mr. Gordy held out some candy.

"Thank you, Mr. Giant," Zoë said.

The giant patted Zoë's head. "You're welcome, little fairy." I could tell by his wide smile that Zoë had made his Halloween efforts worthwhile.

Mr. Gordy turned to me. "Why aren't *you* in costume, son?"

"Chad *is* in costume!" Zoë insisted before I could open my mouth. "He's my superhero in disguise!"

It took all my superhero strength to hoist one tired Zoë and her candy bag into my arms. On our way to the car, we ran into my friend Jeff on the sidewalk.

"*This* is how you spent Halloween?" he said.

But it didn't matter anymore. *I* was Zoë's superhero in disguise. "Uh-huh," I said.

As we rode back home, Mom smiled at me in the rearview mirror. "And did *you* have fun?"

I glanced over at Zoë, who looked like a real little fairy dozing in her car seat. "Actually, I did," I said. Halloween with Zoë had turned out to be pretty magical.

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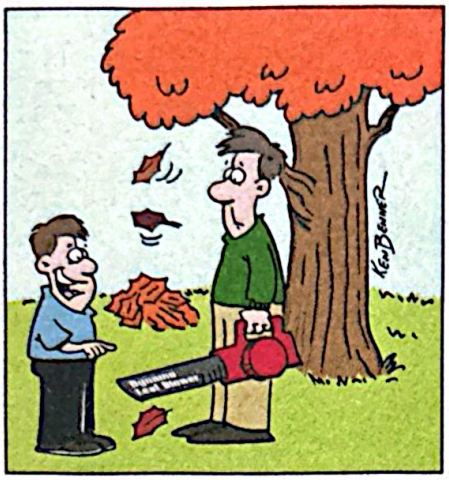


"Can I borrow that? Mom wants me to clean my room."

Tongue Twisters

The gargoyle wore argyle.

Ayu Davies, Age 9
California

Three tiny tarantulas tried tangerines.

Ashley Cannon, Age 9
Georgia

Sound asleep like sheep.

Rina Glasser, Age 9
New Jersey

Digit-al Mysteries

By Adam Reszel, Age 12
Iowa

A

I am a two-digit number.
My ones digit is even.
My ones digit is two more than my tens digit.
The sum of my digits is 10.
What number am I?

B

I am a two-digit number.
I am an odd number.
My ones digit is three times more than my tens digit.
The product of my digits is 27.
What number am I?

C

I am a two-digit number.
My ones digit is odd.
The product of my digits is 6.
The sum of my digits is 7.
What number am I?

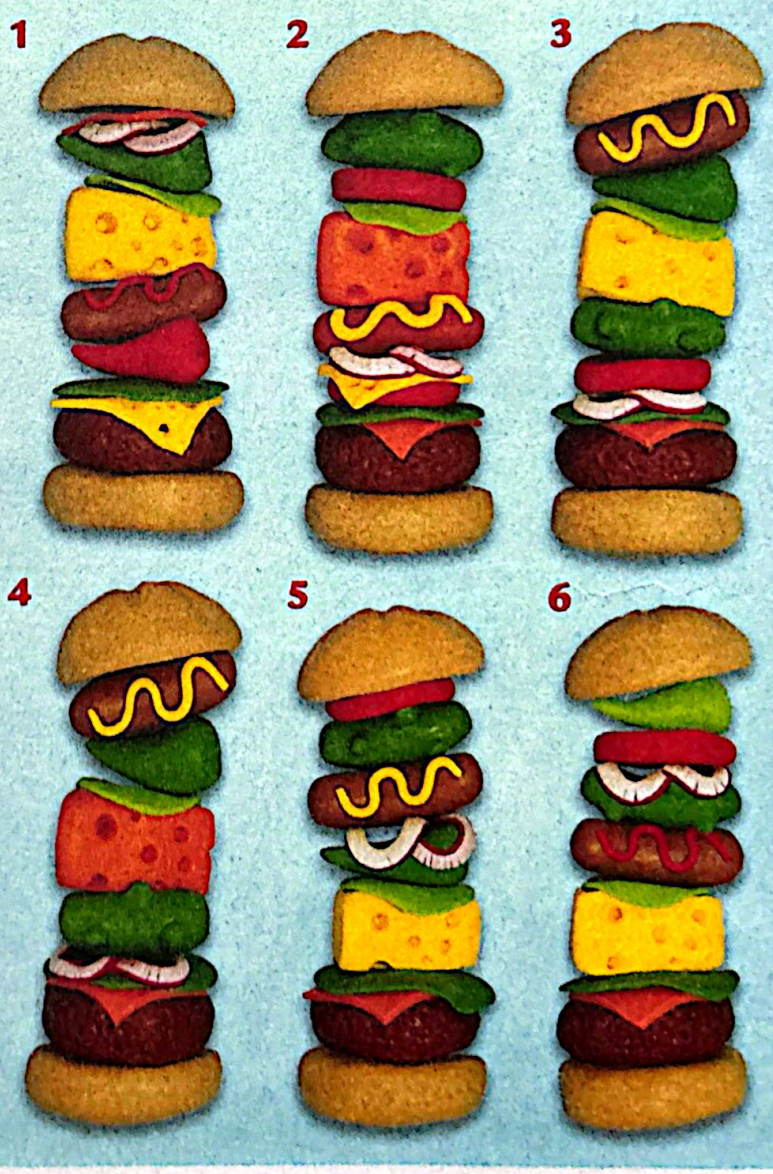
Answers on page 38.

Burger Batch

By Helena Bogosian

Which two burgers have the same ingredients?

Answer on page 38.



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The Bear Family

By Marianne Mitchell

You dropped something, Piddy.
Sorry! Where can I put it?
I brought this for litter.
We want to leave the trail clean.
With nothing left behind.
Only our footprints.
Would you take a picture, Woozy?
Wow, what a view!
Sure.

Art by Linda Weller.

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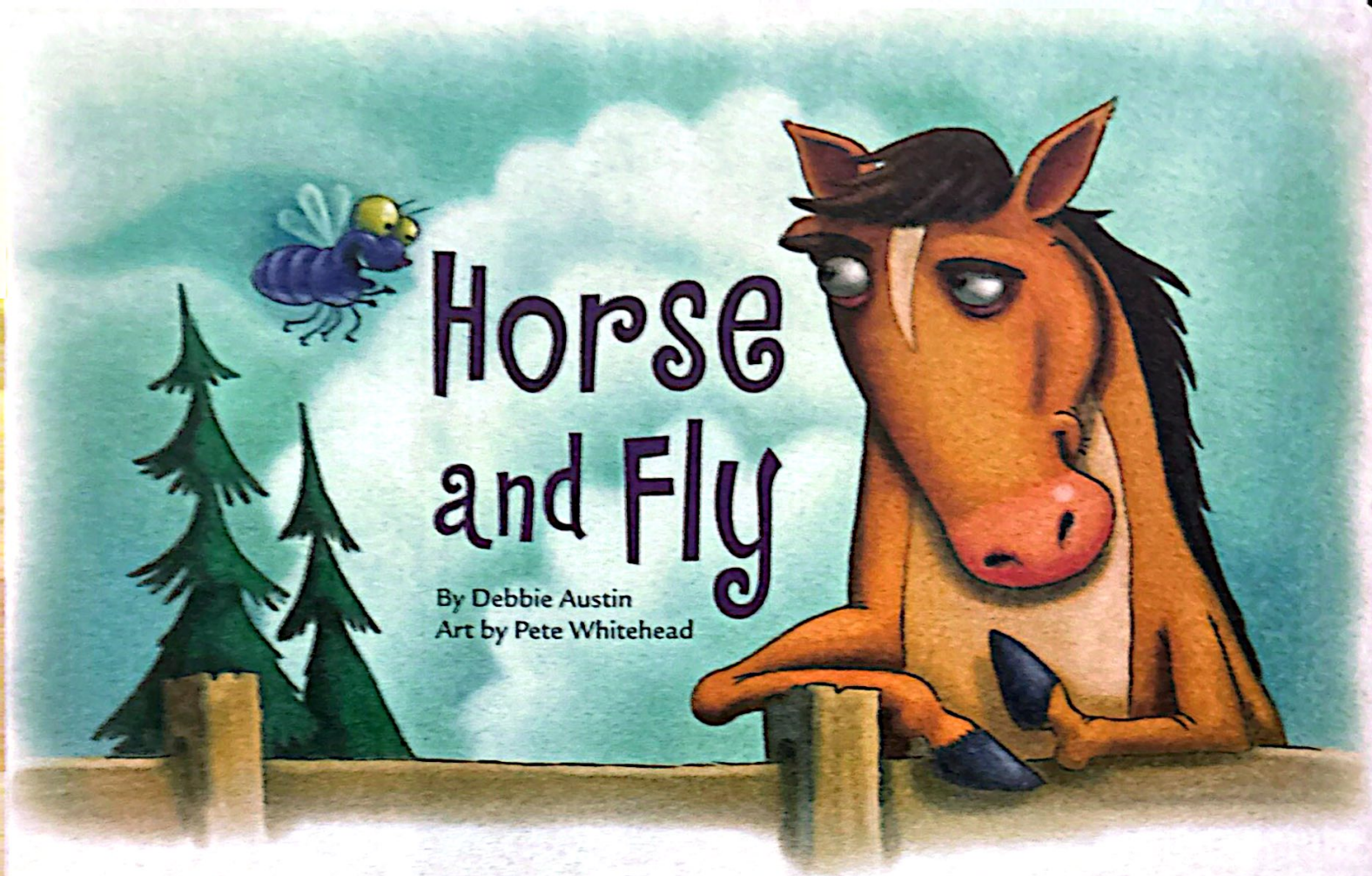

Horse and Fly

By Debbie Austin
Art by Pete Whitehead

"I bet I can make you laugh," Fly said, buzzing around Horse's ears.

"Humph." Horse shook his head. "I highly doubt it."

"Oh, really?" Fly landed on the fence post. "How about this one? I was in a café, and I said, 'Waiter, waiter, there's a friend in my soup.'"

Horse stared blankly at him.

"Get it?" Fly said. "You know, usually it's 'Waiter, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.' But since I'm a fly, I said 'friend.'" Fly sighed. "You don't get it."

"I get it," said Horse. "It's just not funny." He turned his back on Fly.

"OK, how about this one? It's about horses." Fly settled on Horse's head. "How do you hire a horse?"

"I am *not* for hire," Horse said, shaking his mane and swishing his tail.

"Put four bricks under him, and he'll stand *higher*," Fly said.

"Are you saying I'm short?" Horse asked.

"No, no, of course not. It's a joke," Fly explained.

"Because I'm not short, you know.

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I'm 16 hands. That's tall for a horse." Horse raised his head in the air.

"Sixteen hands? Wow, you must go through a lot of gloves!" Fly burst into buzzy laughter.

Horse snorted.

"Oh, come on! That was funny," Fly said, moving to Horse's nose.

Horse just kicked at the ground.

"Now I know why horses have long faces," Fly said. "They never laugh!"

"Yes, we do," said Horse. "I appreciate a good joke—when I hear one."

"I appreciate a good joke—when I hear one."

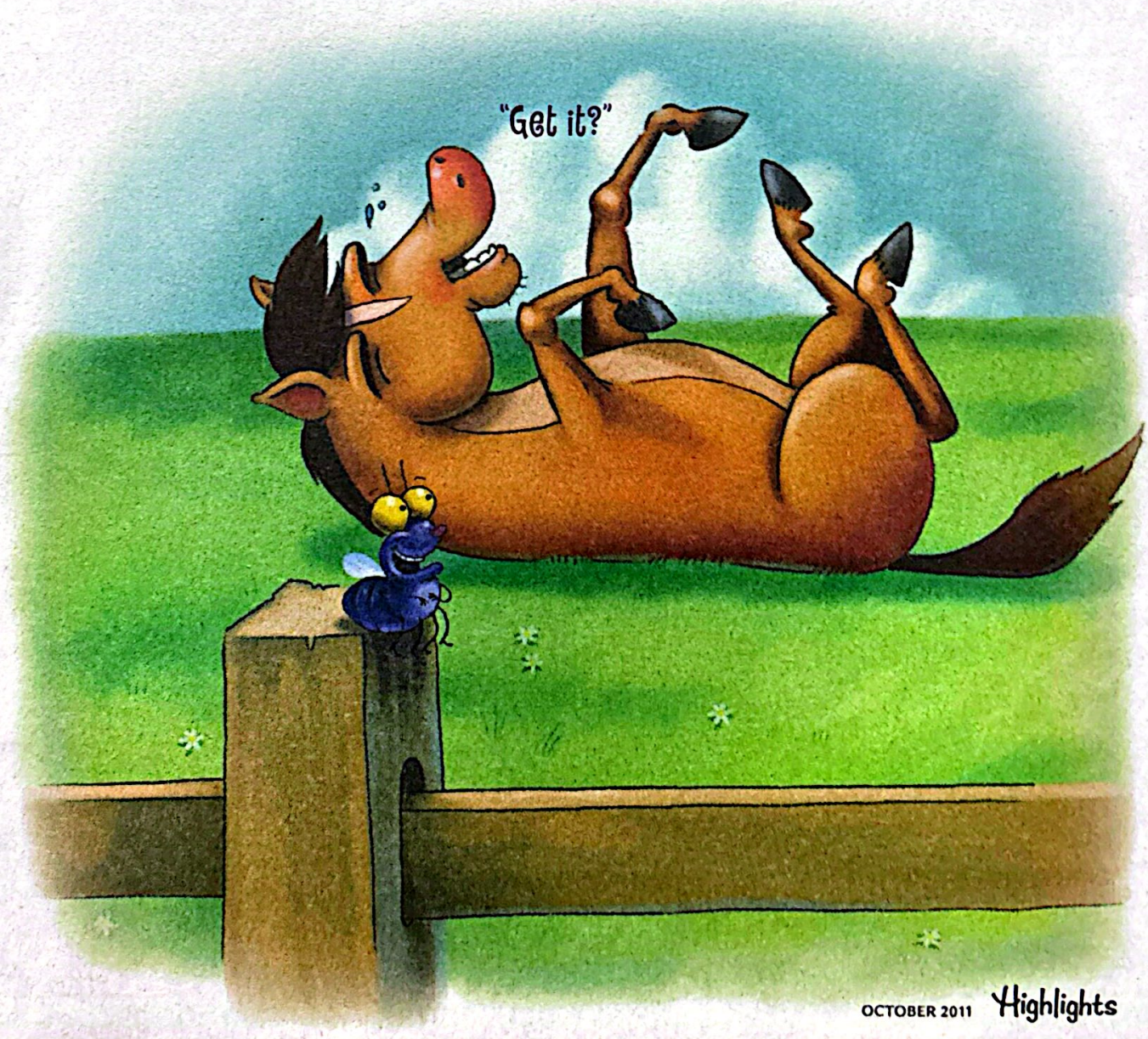
"Oh, get off your high horse." Fly carefully watched Horse's face for a smile.

Nothing.

Fly sighed. "Fine. I quit. I could tell you joke after joke until I'm hoarse—"

"And then you'd be a hoarse fly. Get it? Horsefly!" Horse said. He whinnied just a little. Then he whinnied again, louder. "Now *that* was funny, Fly! Horsefly!" Horse collapsed onto the ground in a fit of giggles and rolled onto his back in the grass.

Fly shrugged. "Well, at least I made him laugh."



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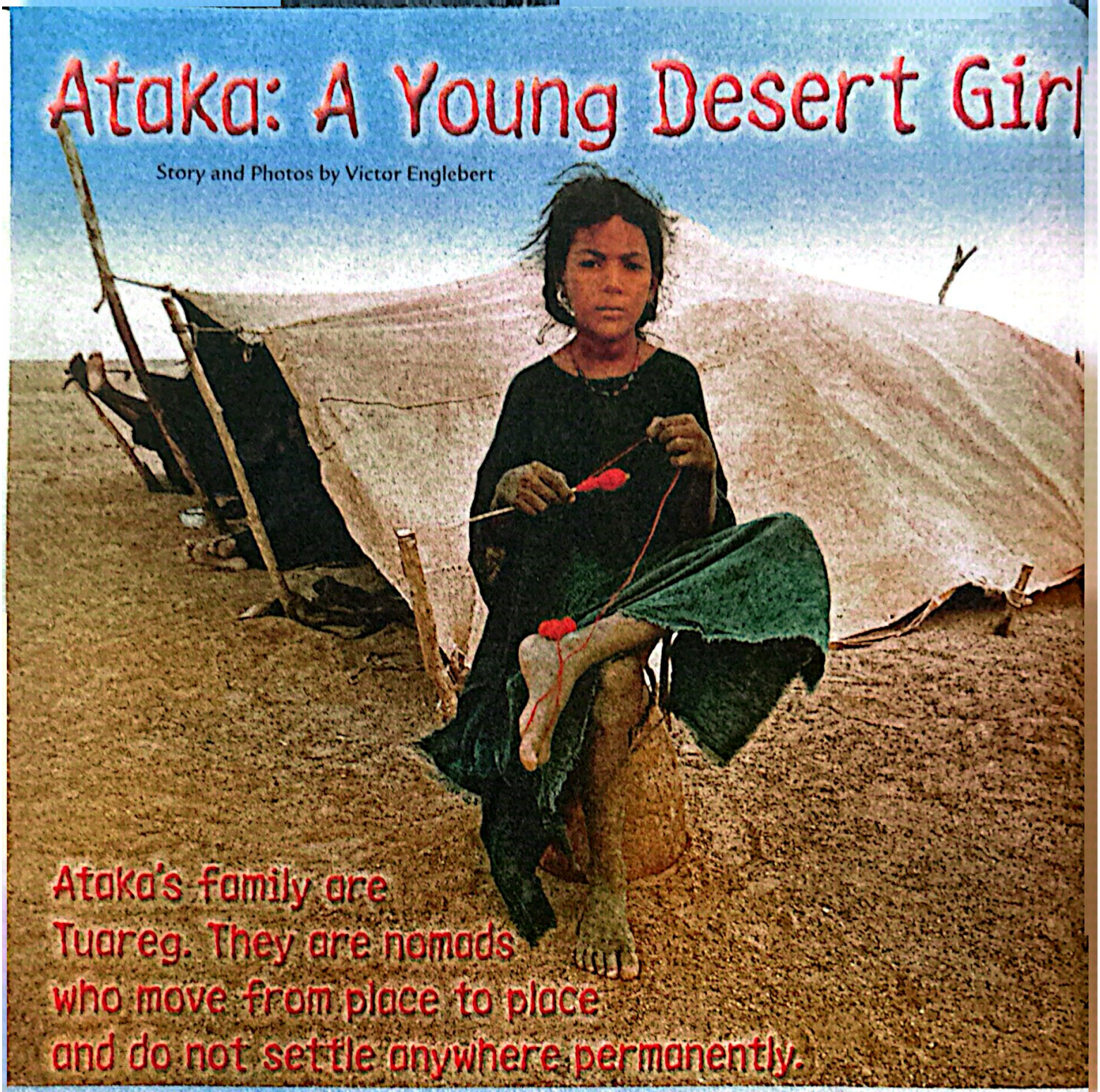
Ataka: A Young Desert Girl

Story and Photos by Victor Englebert



Ataka's family are Tuareg. They are nomads who move from place to place and do not settle anywhere permanently.

The Day Begins

In Africa's Sahara, a soft light shines on the leather tents of three Tuareg brothers. Twelve baby camels tethered to short wooden stakes are resting with open eyes. As the sky pales in the east, they start moaning, craving milk.

The January dawn air is cold. In one tent, nine-year-old Ataka is wrapped tightly in her blanket. But she wakes up and follows her grandmother and aunt Maunem outside to pray. As Muslims, they pray five times a day, first before sunrise and last after sunset.

Ataka's mother died when Ataka was a baby. Her father, Bukush, raised her—much of the time on camelback. They share their tent with his mother and unmarried sister.

But Bukush is not here today. Neither are his two brothers, Amud and Taleb. Days before, Bukush rode his camel south to the town of In Gall in Niger, 100 miles away. There he will buy millet, a cereal that the Tuareg soak in camel milk and eat twice

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Ataka's cousins Adambo and Mohammed drive the camels to a nearby pasture.

Ataka sits outside her tent where she lives with her father, grandmother, and aunt. Her other aunts, uncles, and cousins live in nearby tents.

a day. His brothers are tending the family's camels that are grazing in distant pastures—no more than scattered blades of grass and small, thorny acacia trees.

Unlike many Muslim women, Tuareg women do not cover their faces. It is the men who wear a *tagelmust*, or veil, wrapped around their heads and faces, leaving only their eyes visible. Sometimes the veil is made of an indigo-dyed fabric from northern Nigeria. The dye on this expensive material, also used for robes, tends to come off on the skin, earning the Tuareg the name "The Blue People."

The sun rises as Uncle Amud drives in the she-camels. Quickly, Ataka's younger cousins, Adambo and Mohammed, help Amud tie them up, and everyone helps to milk them. After the baby camels have nursed, the family sits around a fire to drink their breakfast of milk.

The Tuareg depend on camels for milk, fuel, and travel.

While Amud rests from a sleepless night, Adambo and Mohammed drive the she-camels back to a closer pasture.

Ataka moves to an upturned wooden mortar outside her tent and quietly spins wool. Later, she and Lalla, her nine-year-old cousin, collect dry camel dung to fuel the family's fire. Wood is scarce in the desert. Another cousin, fourteen-year-old Raisha, pounds millet nearby. Ataka's aunts are busy with other tasks.

Sandstorms in the Desert

At noon, the intense heat trims the horizon with mirages that look like puddles and ponds. There is hardly any shade outside the tents.

Adambo and Mohammed ride back to camp for a lunch of millet porridge. Nomads rarely eat meat. They save their animals to sell or barter for millet, clothes, and other necessities.

Within minutes, a great wind sweeps over the desert. The horizon disappears as the earth and sky come together. A sky-high yellow wall of sand moves rapidly toward the encampment. Soon it will be hard to see. Ataka and her family calmly move inside and pull blankets over their heads and bodies. Sand quickly gets into their eyes, noses, and ears.

After sunset—and the sandstorm—and after the last

(Continued on next page)

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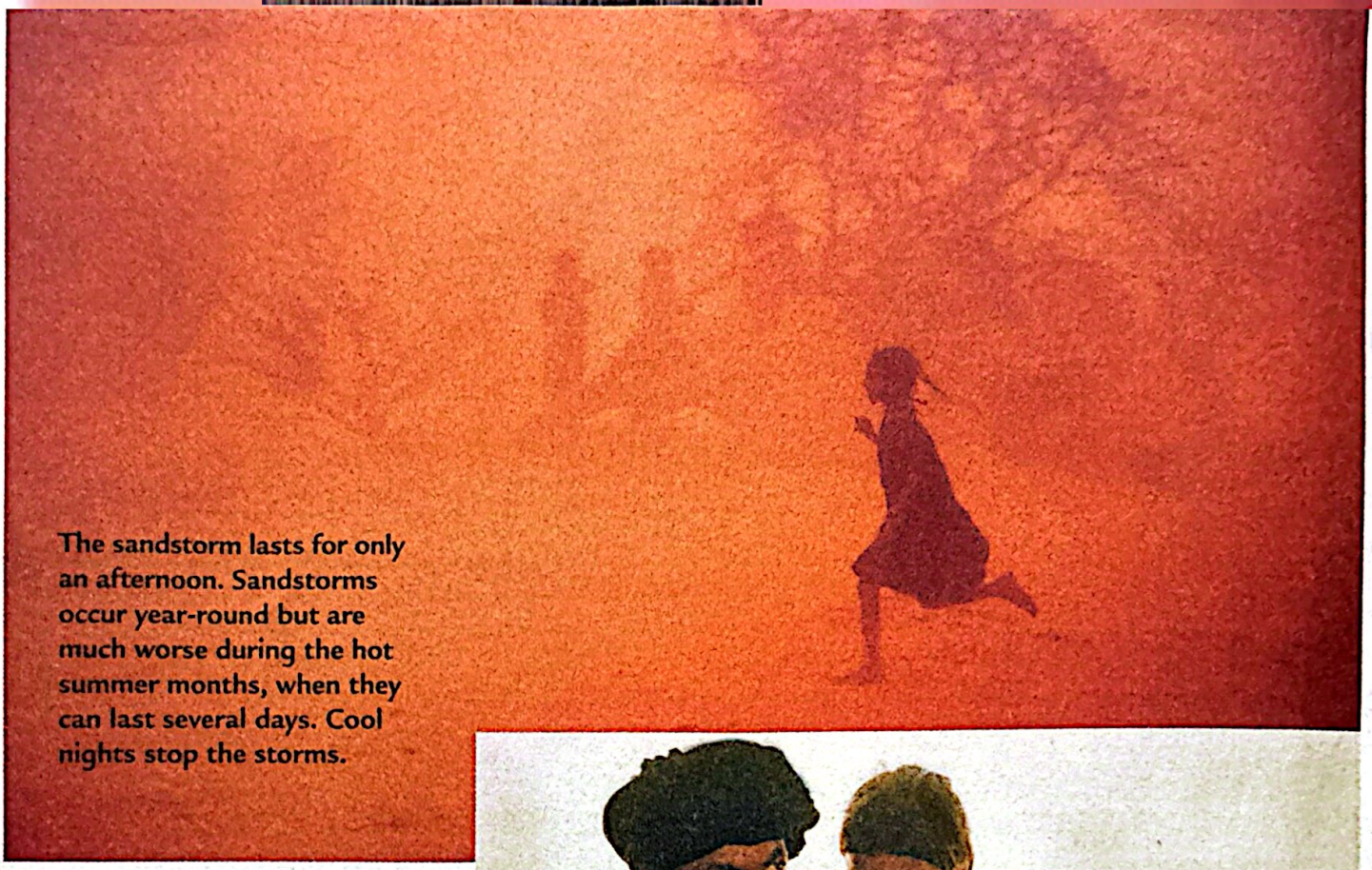

The sandstorm lasts for only an afternoon. Sandstorms occur year-round but are much worse during the hot summer months, when they can last several days. Cool nights stop the storms.

(Continued from page 23)

milking, millet porridge, and two prayers, Uncle Amud saddles up. Under a clear sky, he herds the milk camels back to the distant pasture for the night.

Moving Camp

One day, Uncle Taleb returns with the family's main herd of 47 camels. His daughter Raisha immediately serves him water and lights a fire to cook millet for him while he plays with the children. For several days, he had nothing to drink and eat but milk.

"The camels ran out of pasture," Taleb declares. "We'll move camp tomorrow."

Next day, the Tuareg break camp. They load their pack camels and donkeys. And they ride their saddled camels without looking back. Ataka and her family move every three or four weeks.

Once they are settled again, some of the women and children ride the donkeys to a distant well. They fill their goatskin bags with water to last a few days. Ataka and her family also go to the well to water their herds. They never settle near a well. Instead they camp a couple of hours' walk away to protect their privacy.

Ataka and her father relax inside their tent. At camp, among family and friends, men unwind their *tagelmusts* loosely but never take them off.

At last Bukush returns, and Ataka gives him a warm welcome. He brought her a silver bracelet.

That evening, the family stays up late, drinking tea around the fire, laughing, singing, and playing. In an ancient game of hot potatoes, they throw each other glowing red embers from the fire, catching them with bare hands before quickly passing them on. They challenge each other with riddles. And Ataka laughs, her eyes glowing with love for a father who is now home.

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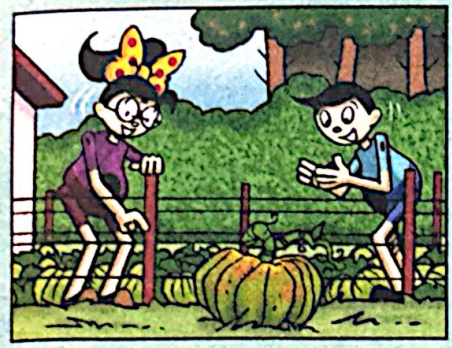
The Timbertoes

By Rich Wallace Art by Ron Zalme



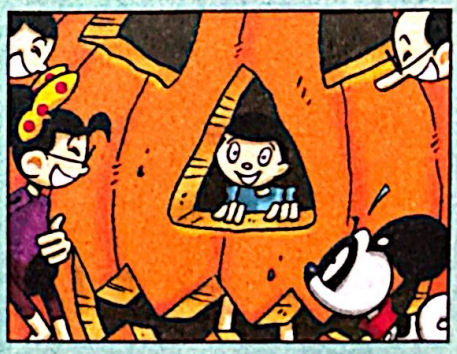
"Look at that pumpkin!"

It kept growing.

"When will it stop?"

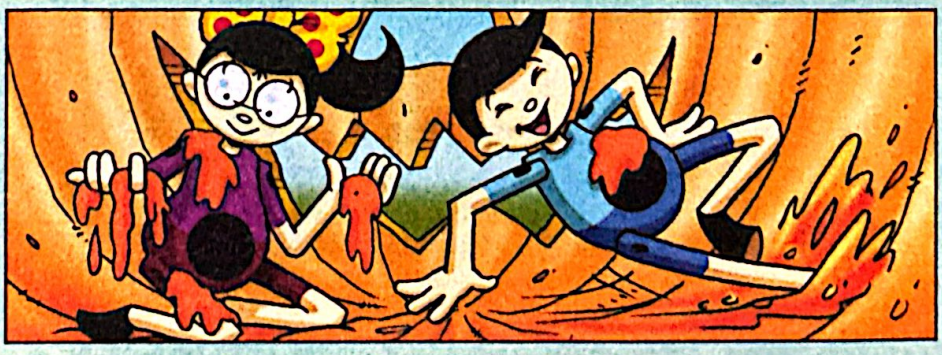
It was too big to move.

Pa carved a face.



Tommy climbed inside.

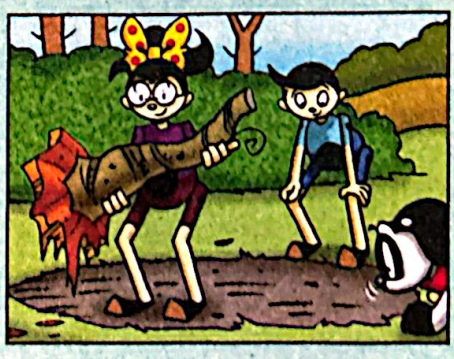
Squirrels took seeds.



The pumpkin grew soft and goopy.

Deer ate some.

Raccoons did, too.



It was fun while it lasted.

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Dear Arizona,
My parents get upset because I'm always late and running out of time to do what I'm supposed to do. How can I get my life under control?
—Yikes in Yakima

Last-Minute and Mismatched

By Lissa Rovetch Art by Amanda Morley

Dear Yikes,

I have to say, when it comes to letter writing, your timing is amazing! Just a few weeks ago, I had an experience that was a great (or should I say terrible?) example of how poor my own planning-ahead skills can be.

"Arizona!" my mom cried, bursting into my room and turning off the clock that was beeping on my dresser. "Why are you still in bed?"

"I didn't hear the alarm!" I said, jumping up in a panic. I frantically rummaged through my drawers for clothes. "Mom, I'm so tired! I stayed up late reading a book that we're being tested on *this morning*."

"Well, that's what happens when you put things off until the last minute," Mom said, sighing. "I'll pack a breakfast that you can eat on the way."

I ended up arriving late to school. The test was already partly over, so I had to finish it while everyone else was working on our class art project. And because I'd been so tired while I was reading the night before, I couldn't remember a lot from the book.

"I didn't hear the alarm!" I cried.

As if things weren't bad enough, the Fashion Police teased me at lunchtime. The Fashion Police consists of one mean girl and anyone else she can convince to go around with her, making fun of other kids' clothes.

"Nice socks, Arizona," said the leader. "A thick blue one and a thin green one? If I'd known it was Unattractive Day, I would have worn something ugly, too!"

I wanted to say "Seriously, do you have nothing better to do than make fun of people's socks? I mean—*socks!*" But instead I said, "Haven't you heard? Mismatched socks are the latest style!"

The Fashion Police just rolled their eyes.

When I finally walked into my house that afternoon, my mom said, "Arizona, I was putting laundry in your room and found the permission slip for your class trip. It was due today. Why didn't you give it to me earlier? Also, would you *please* vacuum the living room? I've already asked you twice, and I don't want to ask again!"

That's when I collapsed onto the couch. "I can't do *anything* right."

"Come on, sweetie," my mom said. "It's not that bad, is it?"

"It really is! I couldn't do the class art project because I had to finish the test, which I probably did badly on because I was so tired, and I was in such a hurry that I wore mismatched socks, and the Fashion Police teased me about it, and now I might not be able to go on the class trip to the aquarium, even though I *really* want to see the sharks!"

"Wow!" said my mom. "I guess it really *is* that bad."

And then we both said the exact same sentence at the exact same time: "Maybe we should get out the planner."

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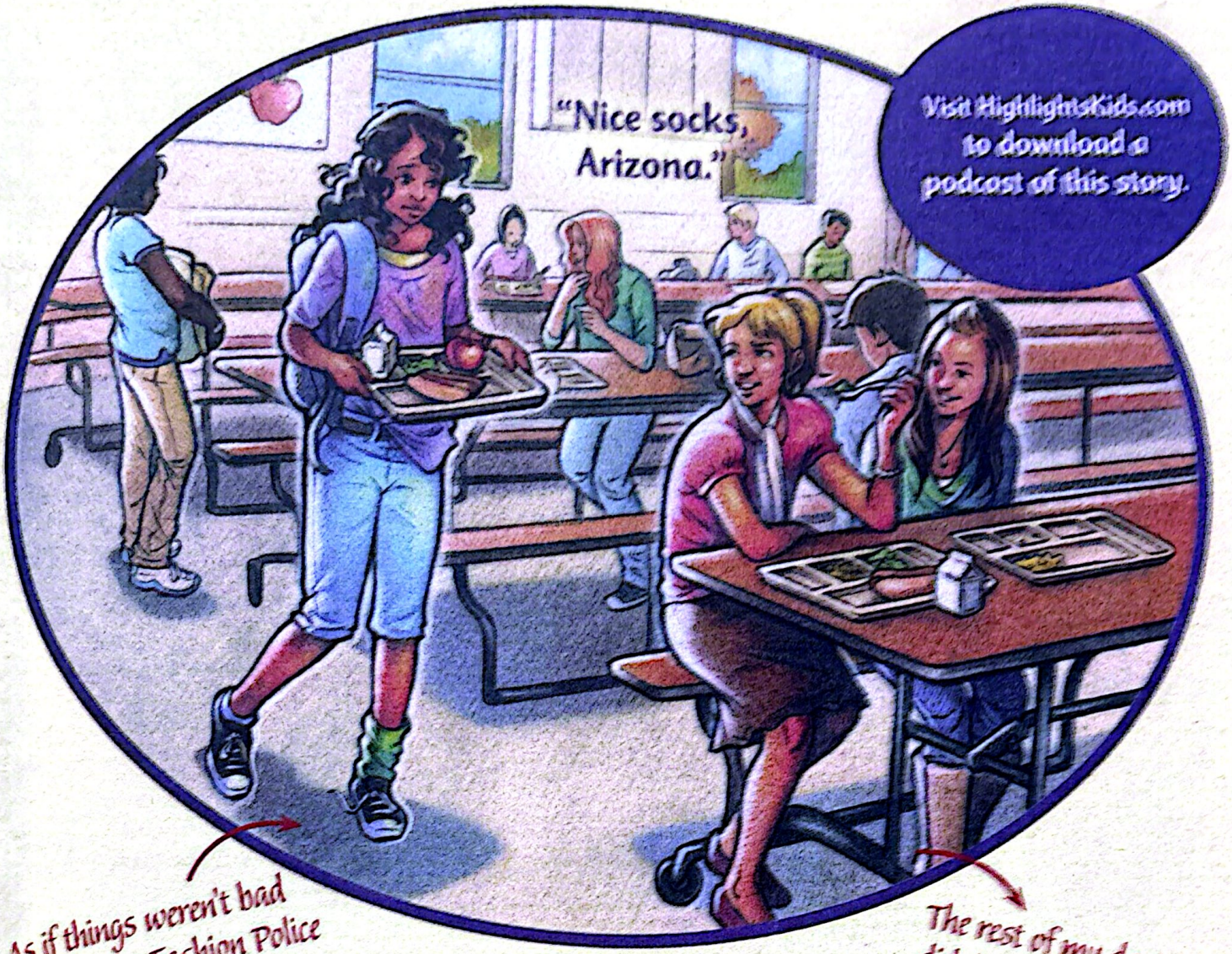
"Nice socks, Arizona."
Visit HighlightsKids.com to download a podcast of this story.
As if things weren't bad enough, the Fashion Police teased me at lunch.
The rest of my day didn't get any better.

It wasn't the first time the planning issue had come up. I always feel calmer once I take the time to write down all my school stuff, after-school stuff, and home stuff. But sometimes I forget to use my planner, and that's when I get in trouble.

This time, Mom and I decided that we'd have a weekly planning party. So now every Sunday night, we make yummy snacks, then sit down together and use colorful markers and stickers to fill in my planner for the week.

Staying on track is something you have to keep working at.

If I need to prepare for something ahead of time, I mark the day I need to start thinking about it. (For example, I write "Pack karate clothes" on Tuesday because I have karate after school on Wednesday.)

I also go to bed earlier and set my alarm-clock radio to a station that plays peppy music, so I wake up every morning feeling energized.

Anyway, dear Yikes, I've learned that staying on track is something you have to keep working at. But by looking for creative solutions to old problems, you may figure out new ways to improve—and how to have some fun in the process.

By the way, my mom called the school, and I *was* able to go on that field trip—which was lucky, because those sharks were even more awesome than I'd imagined!

Also, I decided to put a Mismatched Socks Day on my planner every now and then, just for the fun of it!

Ciao for now,
Arizona

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MY·SCI

Autumn Colors

How and why do leaves fall off trees?

Freya Veal, Age 7
New York

When winter approaches, our part of Earth receives less sunlight, and the air grows colder. When these changes happen, trees prepare for winter. Trees that drop their leaves seal the spots where the leaves are attached. Then fluids cannot flow in and out of the leaves, which change color and fall off.

The falling of the leaves does more than mark the season. It also helps the tree survive the cold, dry air of winter. In the warm seasons, leaves use sunlight, water, and air to make the tree's food. In that process, the tree loses a lot of water through tiny holes in the leaves. In winter, the tree does not get enough water to replace what it would lose through the leaves. If the tree did not seal the spots where the leaves grow, it would die. When spring brings warm air and fresh water, the tree will sprout new leaves and start growing again.

Ask a science question! Include your name, age, and complete address, and mail to

Highlights
My Sci
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

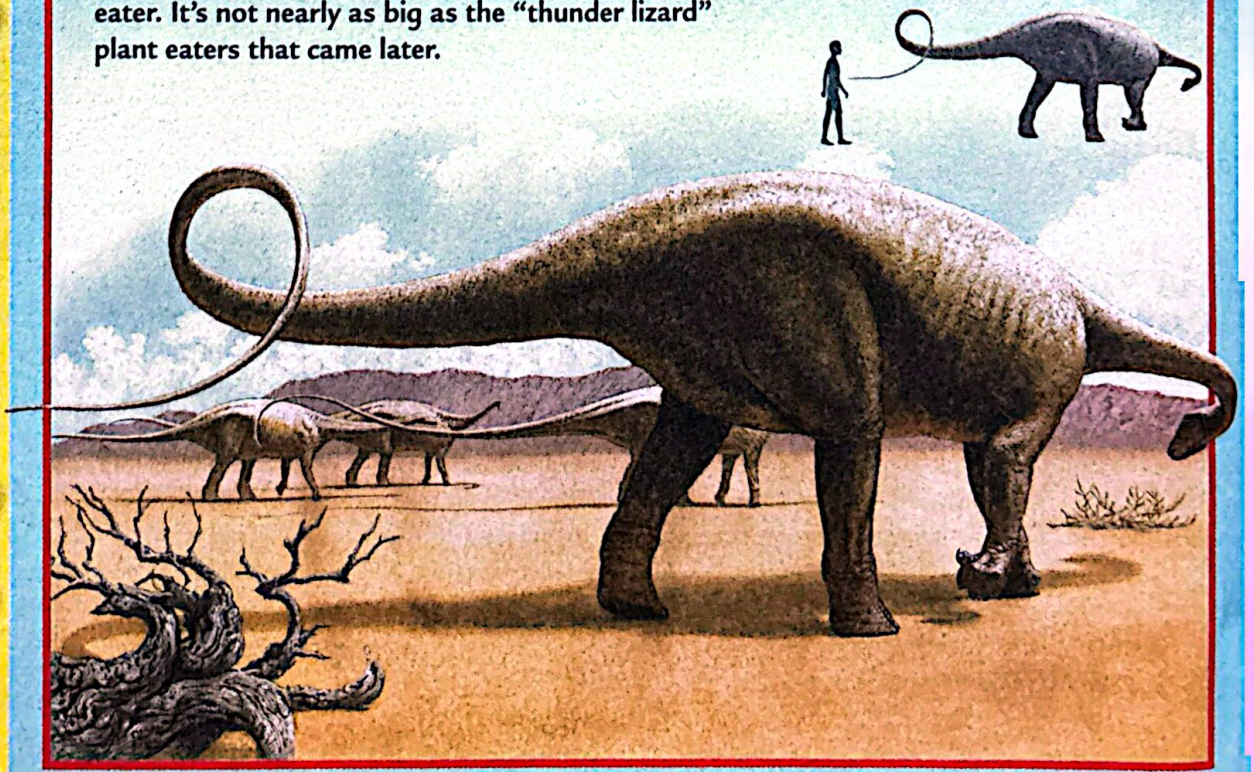
Dinosaurs

Antetonitrus

an-TEE-toh-NIGHT-rus
"before the thunder"

Antetonitrus **is the earliest-known four-footed plant eater. It's not nearly as big as the "thunder lizard" plant eaters that came later.**

How Long: 26 to 33 feet
How Tall: 6½ feet
What It Ate: Plants
Where: South Africa
When: 215 million years ago



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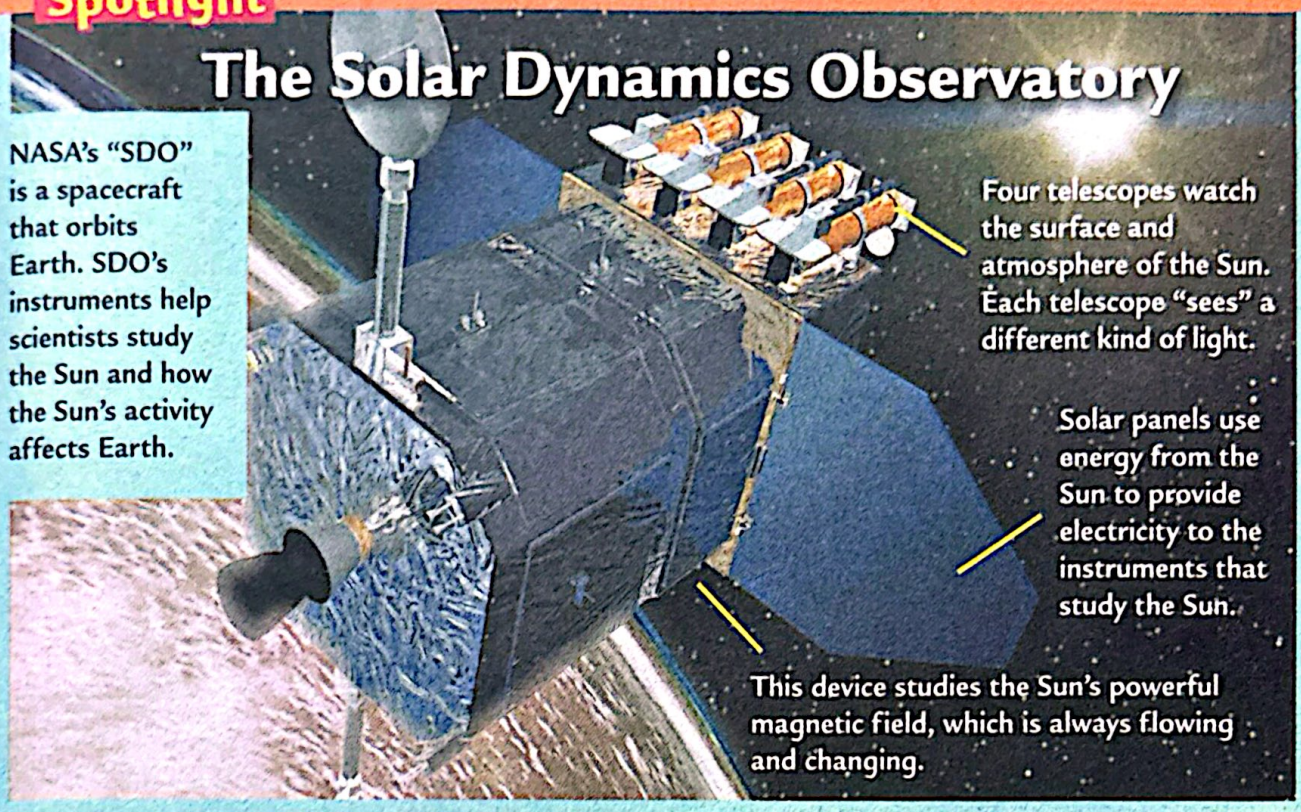
Spotlight

The Solar Dynamics Observatory

NASA's "SDO" is a spacecraft that orbits Earth. SDO's instruments help scientists study the Sun and how the Sun's activity affects Earth.


Four telescopes watch the surface and atmosphere of the Sun. Each telescope "sees" a different kind of light.
Solar panels use energy from the Sun to provide electricity to the instruments that study the Sun.
This device studies the Sun's powerful magnetic field, which is always flowing and changing.

The Science of Flight

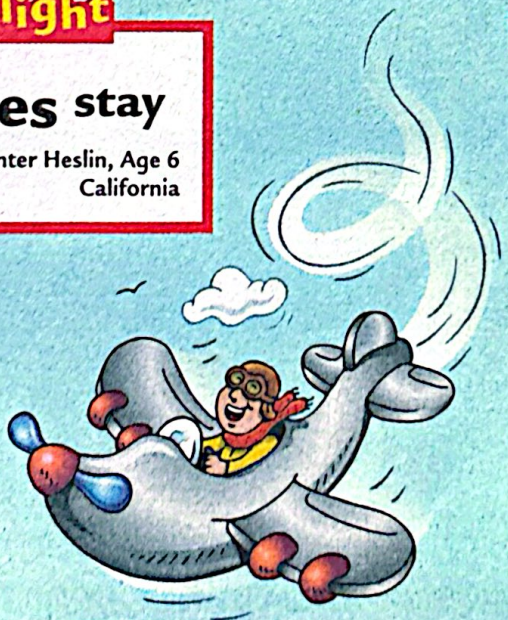
How do airplanes stay in the sky?

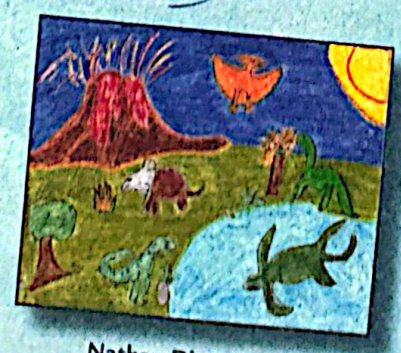
Hunter Heslin, Age 6
California

The key to keeping an airplane flying is the wings. As the jet engines or propellers move the plane forward, the wing splits the air. Some air flows fast over the wing and the rest flows under it slowly.

Here is where the experts disagree. Some say that the faster flow of air over the wing lowers the air pressure above it. Then the higher pressure of the slow-moving air underneath pushes upward on the wing.

But other scientists say the explanation is simpler than that: the plane flies because the wing is set at an angle that pushes downward on the air.





Nathan Diaz, Age 6
Illinois

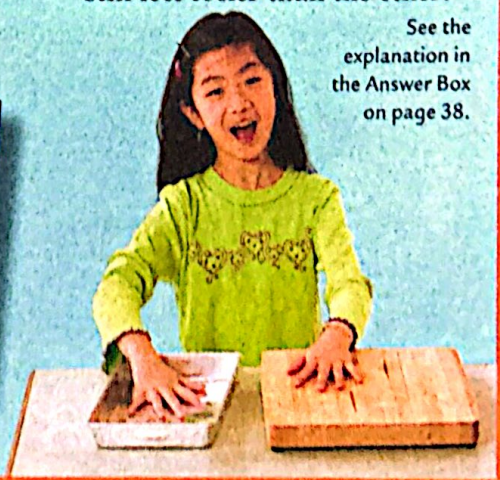
Try This!

Cool to the Touch

By Timothy Loftus

Lay a metal tray and a wooden cutting board next to each other on a table. Leave them in place for at least 30 minutes so that they both will have the same temperature. Use your fingers to touch them both at the same time. Does one still feel cooler than the other?

See the explanation in the Answer Box on page 38.



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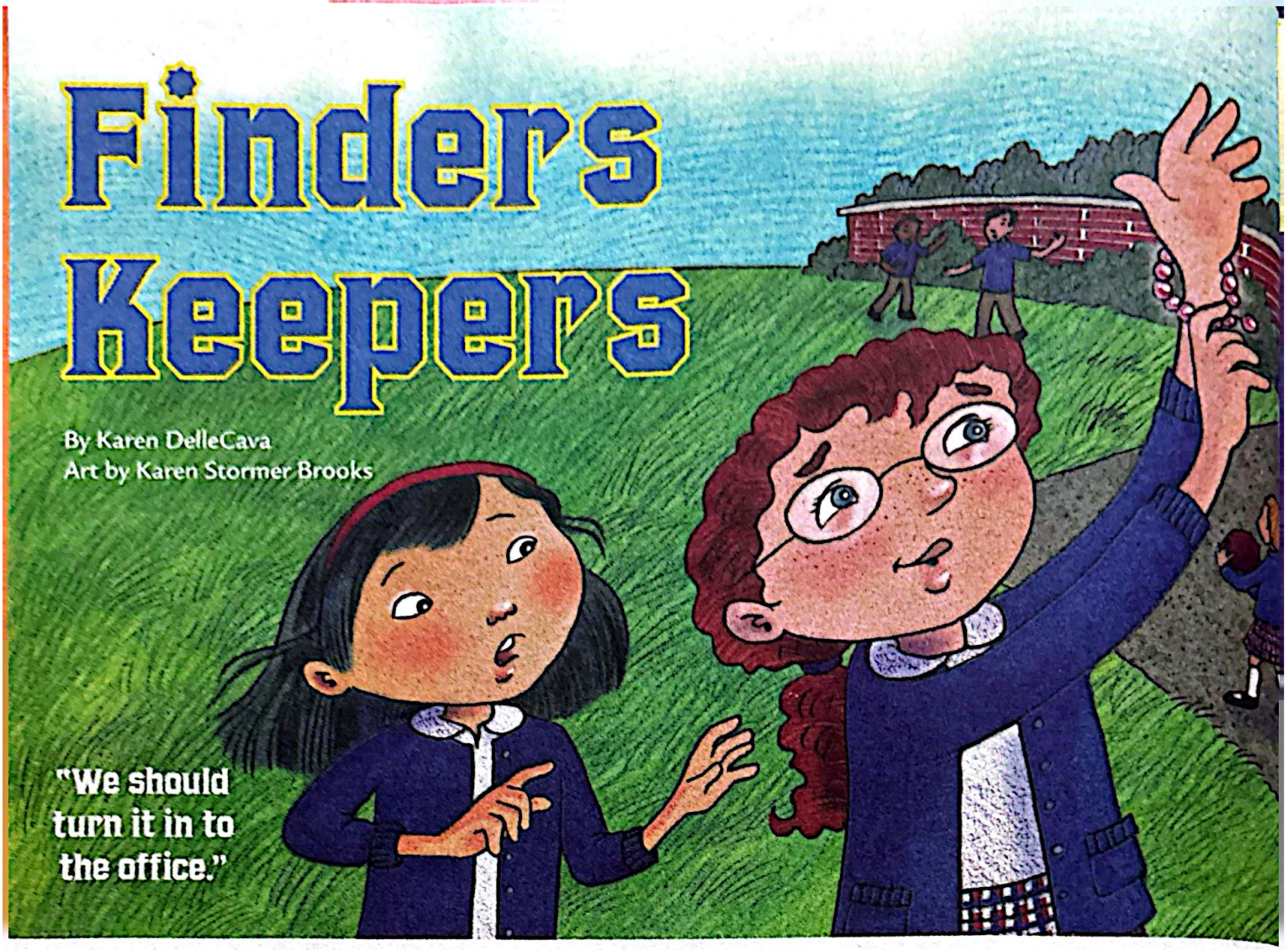
Finders Keepers

By Karen DelleCava
Art by Karen Stormer Brooks



"Look what I found," Sophie said, picking up a bracelet from the grass.

"It's pretty," said Veronica.

Sophie wrapped the bracelet around her wrist. The pink beads sparkled in the sun. She tried to put it on, but the clasp was broken.

"We should turn it in to the office after recess," Veronica said.

Sophie thought for a minute. Dad would know how to fix the clasp. The bracelet would match most of her clothes. Maybe it didn't even belong to anyone from school. Maybe it had been lying in the grass for a year and the owner had forgotten all about it. It was just a homemade bracelet anyway.

"Finders keepers," Sophie said and slipped the bracelet into her pocket.

Veronica made a sour face.

Sophie shrugged. "Losers weepers."

Sophie started to feel funny.

The next day, Sophie noticed Maggie digging through the lost-and-found box in the lunchroom. During recess, Maggie searched all over the playground for something.

Sophie started to feel funny inside. One time, her baby brother, Jack, had lost his favorite toy. It was a floppy leopard. At bedtime Jack cried for the leopard, and Sophie kept wishing that someone would call and say they'd found it. Jack had cried a lot of tears that night.

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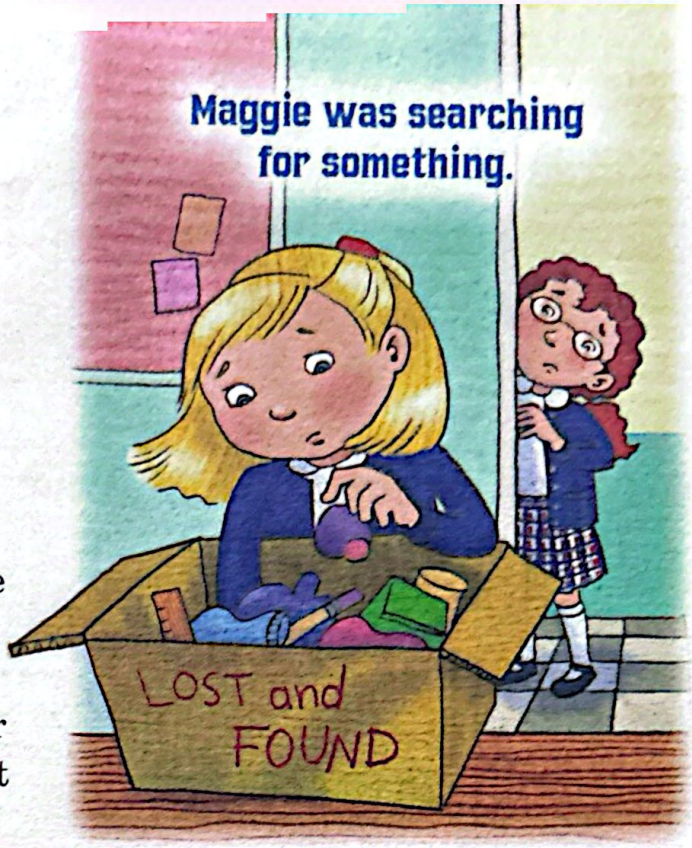
Sophie walked over to Maggie on the playground.

"What are you looking for?" Sophie asked, hoping the answer wasn't what she guessed it was.

"A bracelet," Maggie said. "My sister made it for me before she left for college so I wouldn't feel so sad. Whenever I start to miss her, it reminds me that she'll be home soon. And now it's gone, too."



Maggie was searching for something.

Sophie felt her face get hot. "Is this it?" she asked, stretching out her arm.

"You're wearing my bracelet!"

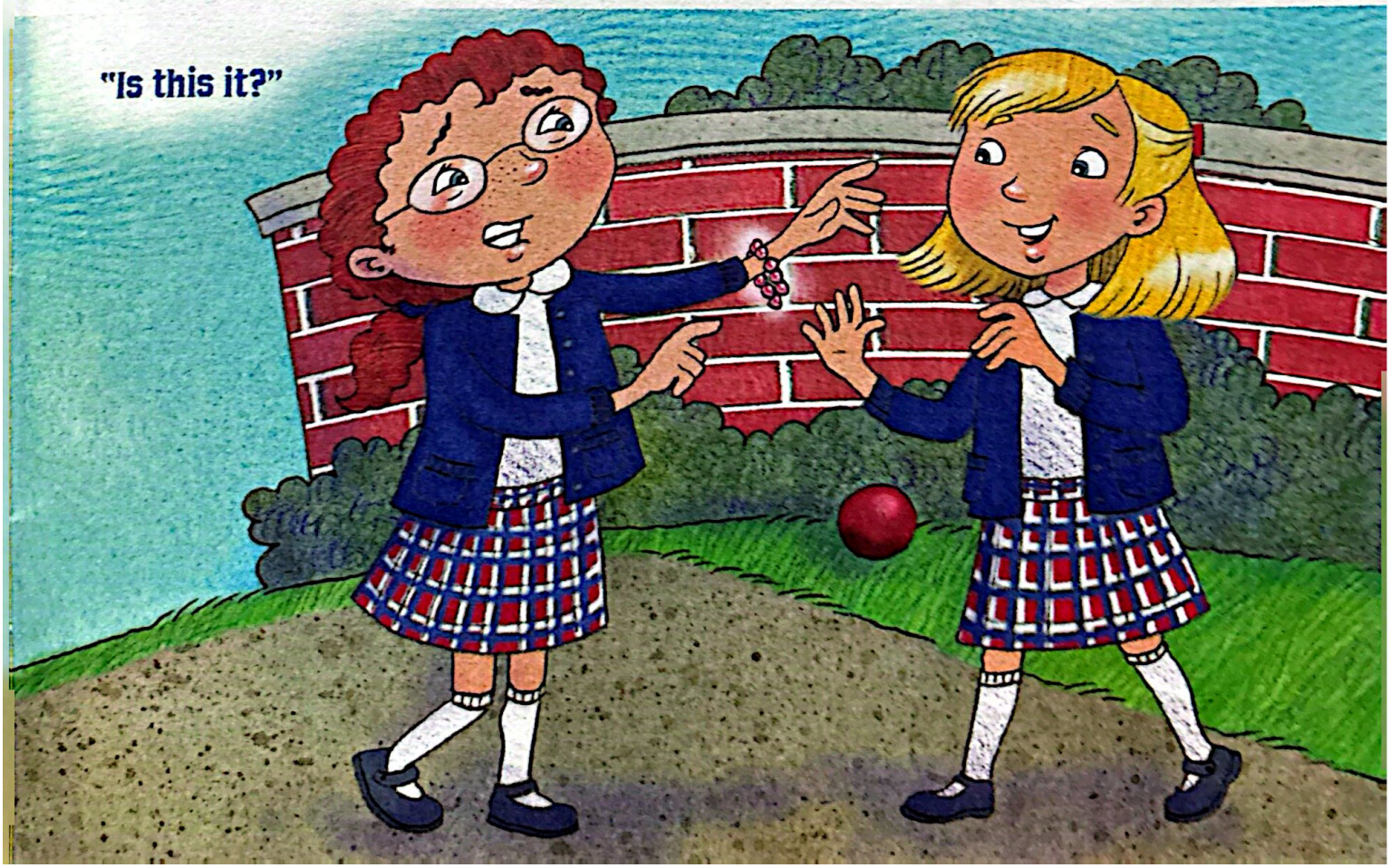
"I'm really sorry," Sophie said. She quickly took it off. "I should have turned it in before."

"Thank you," Maggie said softly. She ran her finger over the pretty glass beads. "Why are you giving it back?"

"It's yours," said Sophie. "It never belonged to me. Want me to help you put it on? My dad fixed the clasp."

"Yes. Thank you." Maggie turned her hand over and said, "When I wear this, I think of my sister. Now I'll think of you, too."

Sophie smiled. The bracelet was sparkling on Maggie's wrist, right where it belonged.


"Is this it?"

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Crafts

What's Up Next Month? Shoot hoops with a mini basketball game!

Pumpkin Suncatcher

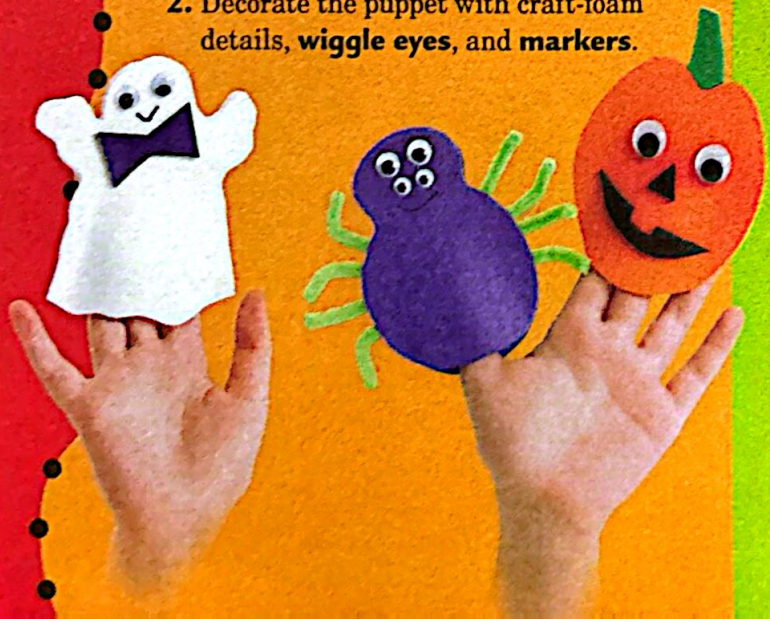
By Marie E. Cecchini

1. Using a **pen**, poke two holes along the edge of a **clear plastic lid**. Tie **fishing line** through them for a hanger.
2. Rip and crumple bits of **tissue paper**. Cover the top and sides of the lid with glue. Using a **paper clip**, push the paper pieces into the glue to completely cover the lid.
3. Wrap a **chenille stick** around the pen and slide it off. Glue one end near the hanger.
4. Cut a stem and a leaf from **colored paper**. Add details with a **marker**. Glue them on. Hang the suncatcher in a window.

Halloween Finger Puppets

By Susan Shadle Erb

1. Cut two matching shapes from **craft foam**. Leaving a space for your finger, glue the edges together. (For the spider's legs, put short **chenille sticks** between the shapes before you glue them together.)
2. Decorate the puppet with craft-foam details, **wiggle eyes**, and **markers**.



Sweeping-the-Sky Kitten

By Edna Harrington

1. For the kitten, glue six **pompoms** together for the head, body, and four legs. Add **wiggle eyes** and details made from **felt**, pompoms, and **yarn**.
2. For the broom handle, twist three **chenille sticks** together. For the broom bristles, cut six chenille sticks in thirds to make 18 pieces. Use one piece to tightly wrap all the others around one end of the handle.
3. Glue the kitten to the broom.

Photos by Guy Cali Associates, Inc., except page 32 (top and bottom right) by Hank Schneider and page 33 (top left) by Brand X Pictures/Thinkstock.

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Super Craft Challenge

Create a creature pencil topper!

Will you craft a critter from craft foam? A far-out creature from foil? A monster from modeling clay? A furry friend from felt?

Send a photo or sample of your creature to

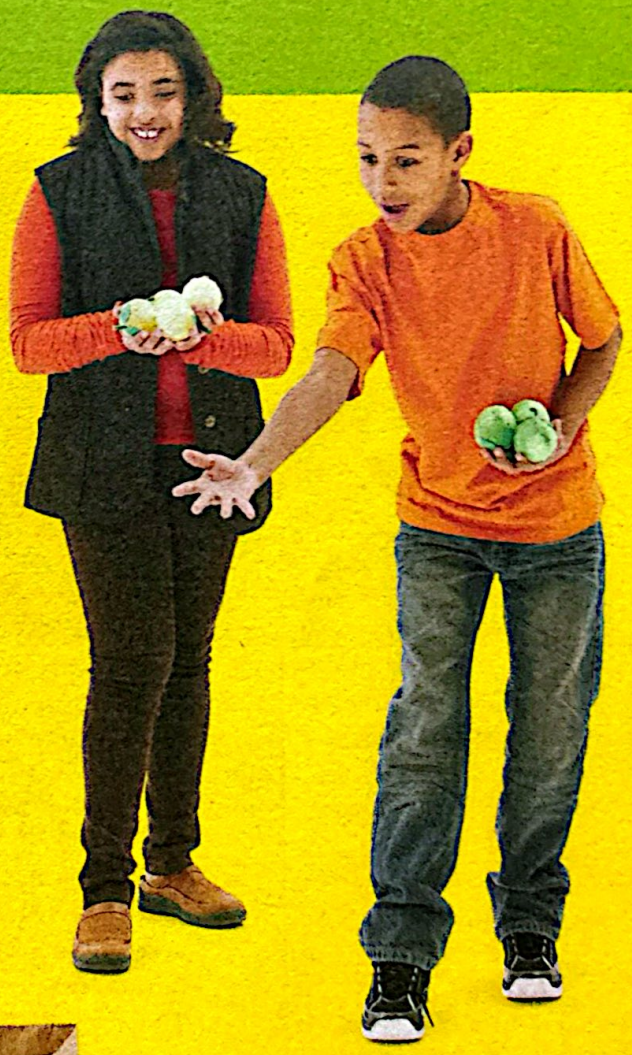
Highlights
Creature Pencil Toppers
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Please include your name, age, and complete address. We must receive your work by November 1, 2011, to consider it for publication. We cannot return photos or samples.

Cowboy "Boots"

By April Theis

1. Cut off the bottoms of two **paper lunch bags**. Trim the bags to have curved edges, as shown.
2. Cut stars from **colored paper** and glue them on. Decorate the "boots" with **markers**.
3. To wear the boots, carefully slide one foot through each bag.



Bushel-of-Fun Apple Toss

By Lauren Michaels

1. Fold down the top of a large **paper grocery bag**.
2. Cut strips from a second bag. Use a **marker** to outline them. Weave the strips, then glue or tape them onto the bag.
3. To make an apple, cut a large circle from **tissue paper** and wrap it around a **Styrofoam ball**. Cut off the extra tissue paper. Glue the ends to the ball. For a stem, push one end of a short **chenille stick** into the apple. Cut leaves from **colored paper** and glue them on.
4. Make four apples for each player.

To Play: Time how long it takes each player to toss all four apples into the basket. The fastest time wins!

Scanned with CamScanner

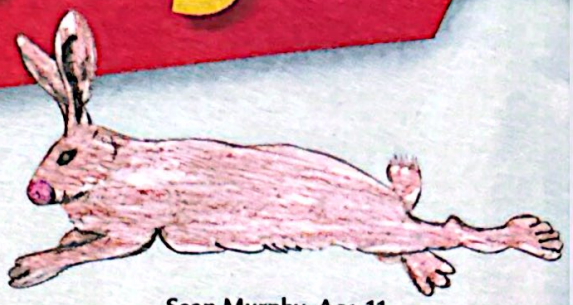
Your Own Pages

Parrot
Gigi Kikawa, Age 7
California

Mr. Carter

A very nice person,
like a good friend.
As funny as a clown
at a birthday party,
but also a very
calm teacher.
A very organized man,
just like I want to be.
Also, interesting.
He is the best teacher
in the world!

Adam Kozlowski, Age 9
California



Sean Murphy, Age 11
Kansas

The sound of laughing people
is a joy to my heart.
It makes me happy
right from the start.
It makes me think
about a cousin far away.
It feels like
we laughed all day.
It sounds like elephants' feet
stomping on the ground.
But even though it's loud,
it is a wonderful sound.

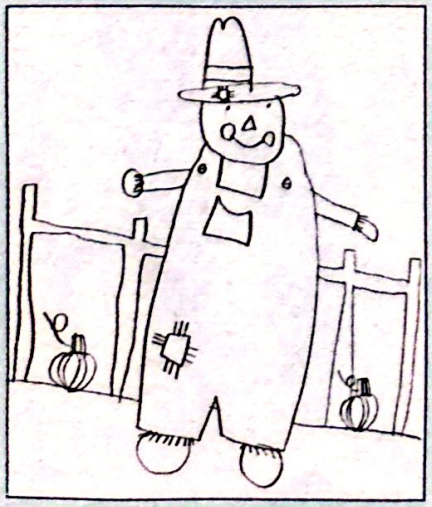
Melody Thacker, Age 11
Colorado

Dogs

Dogs are there for you in sorrow.
They are there in joy and happiness.
Dogs will never abandon you.
They will always be by your side.
Dogs are a kid's best friend.
Dogs are always there for you.

Dagny Cunningham, Age 8
Alaska

Fly to Space
Cindy Qiao, Age 7
Ontario, Canada

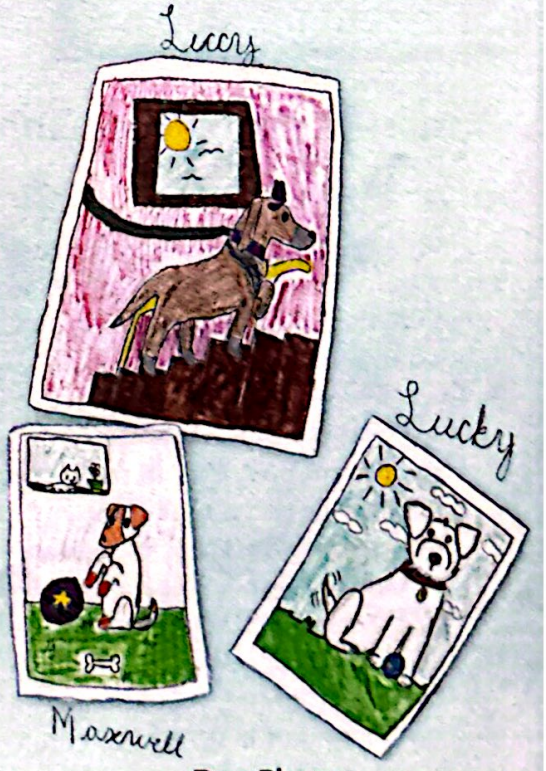


Ari Claret, Age 6
Louisiana

In the Land of October

Golden leaves
and a clear blue sky
and all the autumn
fairies fly by.
That's what you get
in the land of October,
where the brook goes
under and around and over.

Mattie Anderson, Age 9
Tennessee



Dog Photos
Phuong Pham, Age 9
Florida

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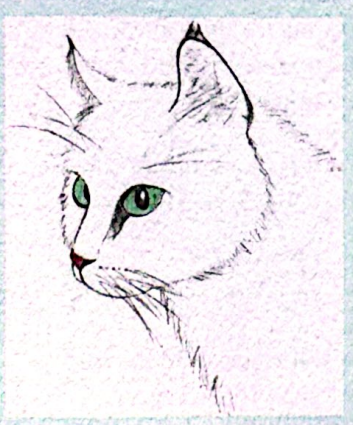
Aidan Flynn, Age 9
Michigan

The Countryside
Abigail Trzepla, Age 5
New Jersey

The Eagle

The eagle is sitting upon a tree,
still in its nest,
just letting me take in his
beauty.
Then he opens his wings and
glides
a practiced swoop down,
plucks a glistening fish
from the depths of the deep blue
lake,
and flies back to the pine tree
across the lake from where I'm
sitting.
I feel unimportant
in this wild and beautiful world.

Bjorn Holm, Age 10
Minnesota



Larksong
Hannah May, Age 12
Michigan

Trees

Deep in the green woods
the trees are whispering songs
in early morning.

Abby Norman, Age 9
Wisconsin

Vance Weller, Age 7
Maryland

Wonder

I wonder why the world spins round,
as fast as lightning speed.
I wonder why I feel alone—as lonely as can be.
I wonder why the trees grow tall and steady,
full of might and power.
I wonder why the wind blows fast
and chills me to the core.
I wonder . . .
I wonder why life involves *me*.

Brett Landin, Age 9
Texas

My Alarm Clock

My alarm rings like
church bells.
It is as loud as foghorns.
When I wake, I feel the
annoyance inside.

Sadiq Abdelghany, Age 12
Virginia

Floating Up High

I float in the sky
My ideas will fly
I have my wings out
All the time.

Brandy Bode, Age 5
Nebraska

Share Your Creative Work

Poems and artwork on **Your Own Pages** are created by our readers. We'd love to see yours! Art must be on unlined paper. Poems must have fewer than 75 words and be something you made up. Include your name, age, and address. Mail to

Highlights
Your Own Pages
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

We cannot return your work, so you might want to keep a copy.

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Stitching the Rip in

A Polish Folktale Retold by Ellen L. Ramsey Art by Katie Flindall

"You must leave for Pacanów immediately."

There once was a tailor so thin that people would say, "He could fit through the eye of his needle!" He ate only noodles and eels that slid and slithered down his very thin throat.

This tailor was known for his fine stitchery and great kindness. He was as happy to mend a child's mitten for no money as to mend a lady's ball gown for a silver coin.

One day, the town's wisest woman limped into the tailor's shop.

"Tailor," she said, "will you stitch up the cut in my foot?"

The tailor tried not to cringe, for he could see the woman's pain. He nodded with sympathy. "My needle and thread are at your disposal."

As he stitched, the wise woman spoke. "Tailor, you must travel west to the town of Pacanów, where a princess weeps and the people are in danger. Help this town, and you will win a reward more golden than gold."

"More golden than gold?" the tailor asked. "How can that be?"

"No time for questions," the wise woman said. "You must leave immediately."

"You will win a reward more golden than gold."

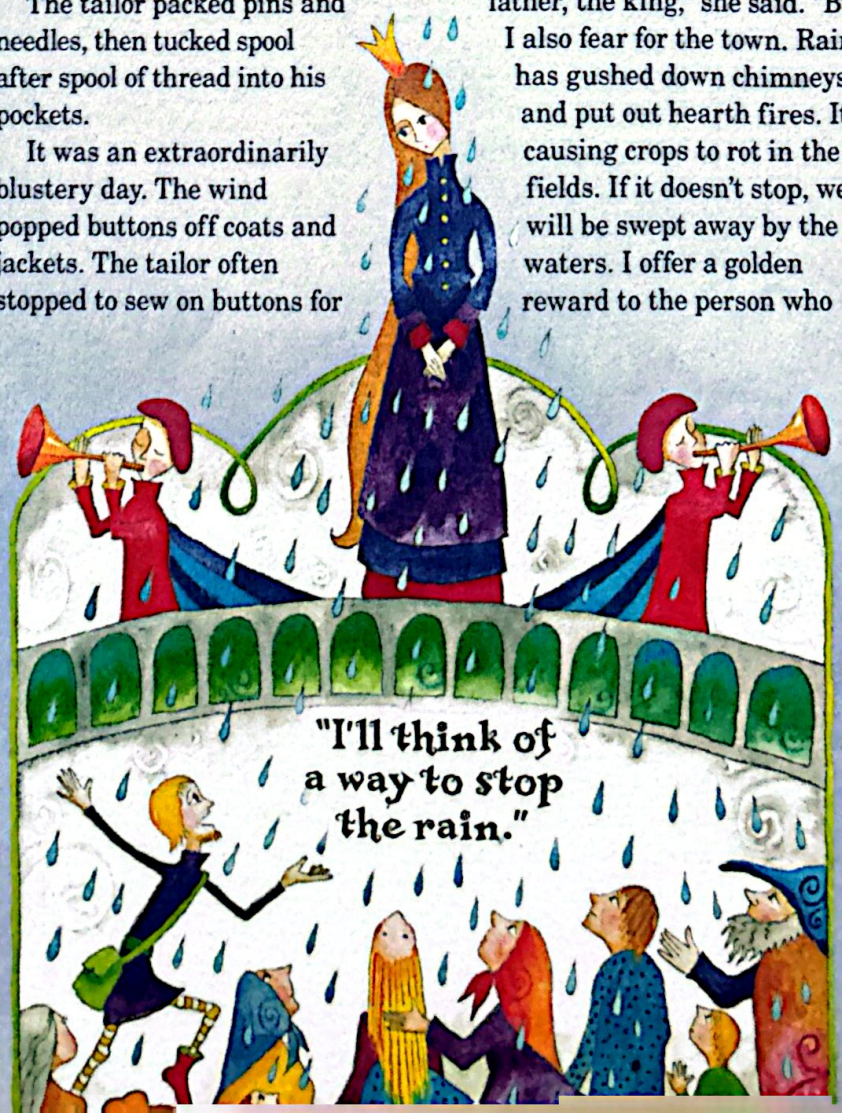
The tailor packed pins and needles, then tucked spool after spool of thread into his pockets.

It was an extraordinarily blustery day. The wind popped buttons off coats and jackets. The tailor often stopped to sew on buttons for the people he met. As he drew nearer to Pacanów, it started to rain—a pelting, pouring rain, as if thousands of spigots in the sky had been turned on. The tailor pulled his jacket over his head and kept walking.

When he reached Pacanów, a throng of sopping-wet people stood in the town square. "What brings you out in this dreadful storm?" the tailor asked.

"Our great king died nine days ago," a man said. "The same day, this terrible rain started. The princess has been unable to leave her room until today. And now she is issuing a proclamation."

Trumpets blared. The princess, who was very tall, appeared in mourning clothes. "I grieve for my father, the king," she said. "But I also fear for the town. Rain has gushed down chimneys and put out hearth fires. It is causing crops to rot in the fields. If it doesn't stop, we will be swept away by the waters. I offer a golden reward to the person who



"I'll think of a way to stop the rain."

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the Sky

stops this dreadful rain."

The crowd stood sad and soggy—and silent.

The tailor looked into the pleading eyes of the princess. He stepped forward. "Don't despair. I'll think of a way to stop the rain."

"Come with me to the castle," the princess said, "and we will think together as we eat any meal you desire."

The tailor and the princess sat in the dining room, where they thought and talked and ate noodles and eels. Watching the rain fall in sheets, they arrived at the same conclusion: "There must be a gigantic hole in the sky!"

"With my needle and thread, I will stitch up the hole!" cried the tailor.

The princess called out to the townspeople, "Bring all of your ladders and thread!"

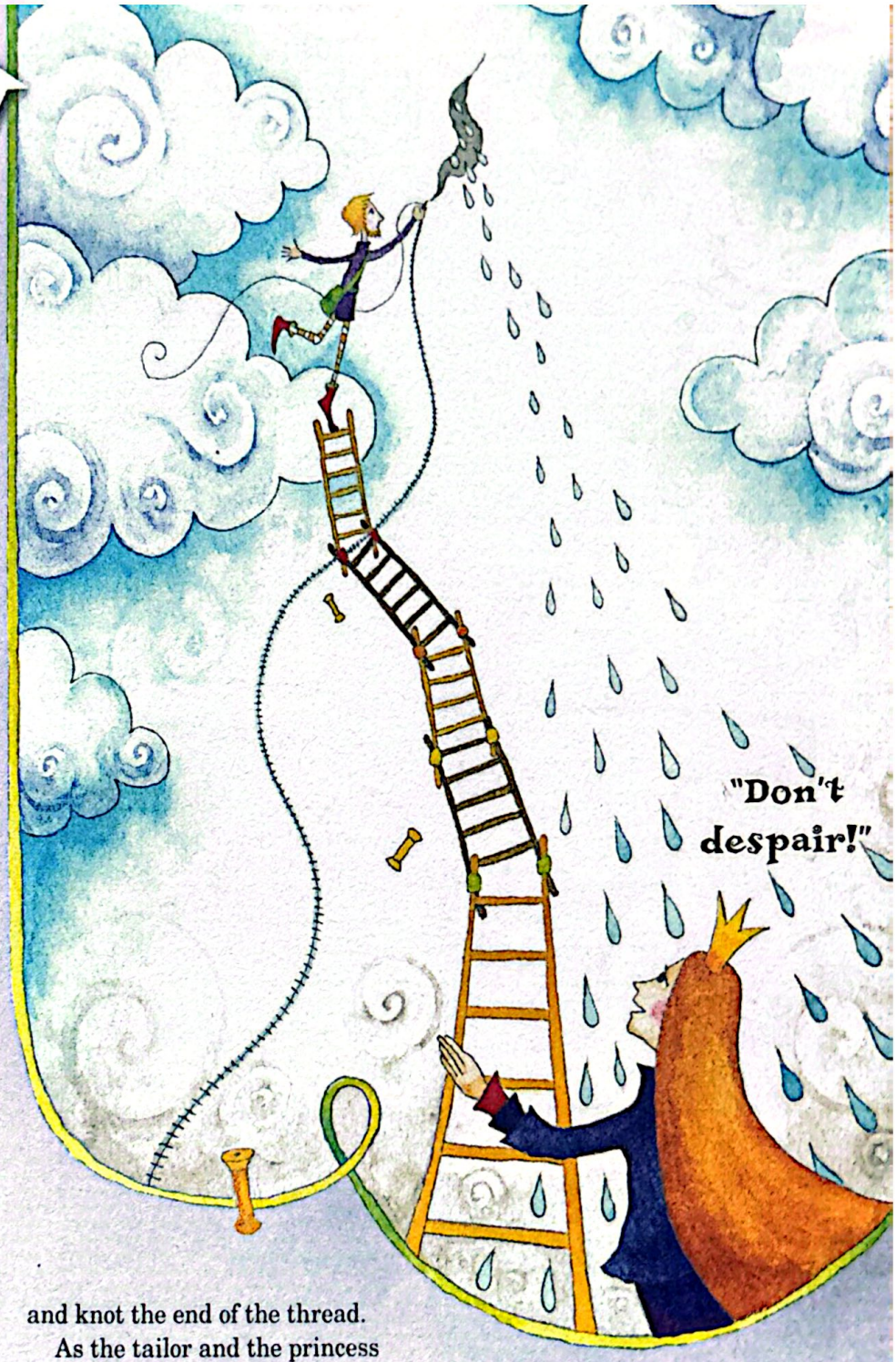
The tailor and the townspeople tied the ladders together into one long ladder. Grunting and groaning, they hoisted it high into the sky until it leaned against a cloud.

Then the tailor, with needle in hand and pockets stuffed with thread, climbed up . . . and up . . . and up . . . until he reached the hole in the sky.

The tailor stitched and stitched. When he was almost finished repairing the hole, he realized that he could not reach its top corner.

"Alas," said the tailor, standing tiptoe on the ladder's highest rung, "I am not tall enough to reach the very top corner!"

"Don't despair," called the princess. She climbed up . . . and up . . . and up. She was just tall enough to stitch the final stitch and knot the end of the thread.



As the tailor and the princess descended, the sun shone brightly and the townspeople cheered.

At the bottom of the ladder, the princess said, "Thank you, tailor, for saving our town. I will gladly grant you the reward I promised —a bag of gold."

"Thank you, princess, for helping me save your town," said the tailor. "But the reward I desire is more priceless than gold. I humbly ask for your hand in marriage."

The princess smiled. "That is a request I will gladly grant."

Thus the tailor received a reward more golden than gold, as the wise old woman had foretold.

At their wedding, the very thin tailor and the very tall princess danced in clothes stitched with golden threads. And such was the joy of the celebration that the entire town glowed in a light even brighter than gold.

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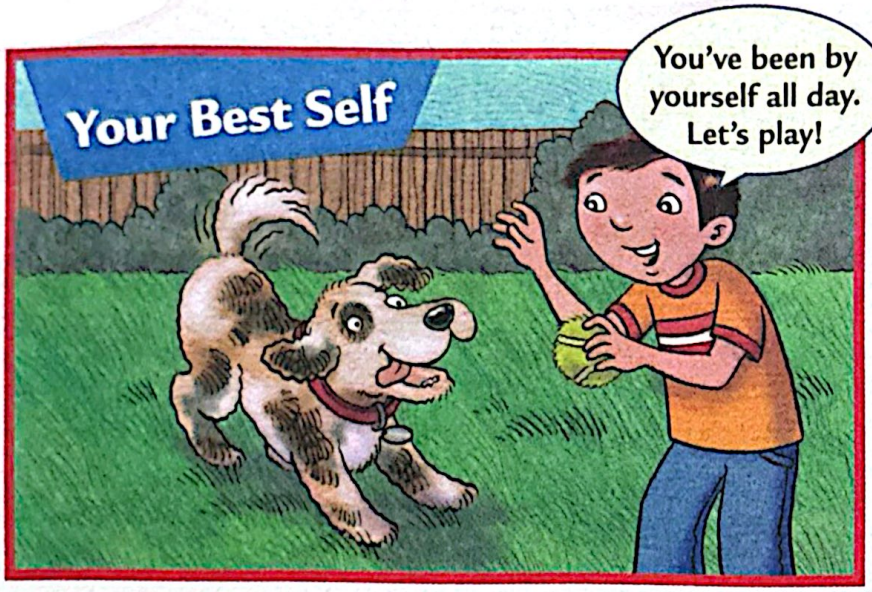
Your Best Self



Riddles

1. What did one eye say to the other?
Rebekah Culpepper, Georgia

2. What subject do owls like to study?
Andrew Norris, Tennessee

3. What do you get if you cross a mummy with a CD?
Avi Shilman, New York

4. How do you turn soup into gold?
Alexis Reyes, California

5. What do you call a boomerang that doesn't come back?
Abigail Woods, Kansas

6. What did the dog say when he sat on sandpaper?
Dawson Wood, Virginia

7. What is the most adorable vegetable?
Brendon Benton, Iowa

8. Why did the bacon laugh?
Camryn Donald
Saskatchewan, Canada

9. What is a turtle's favorite thing to wear?
Ella Roler, Indiana

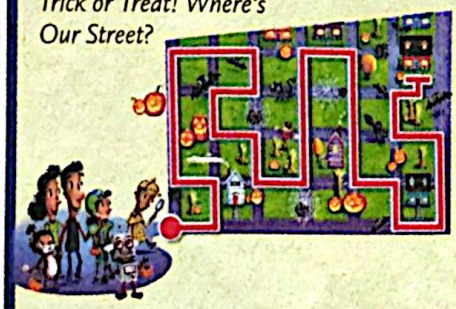
Answers: 1. "Between you and me, there's something that smells!" 2. Owl-gebra. 3. A "wrap" song. 4. You add 24 carrots (karats). 5. A stick. 6. "Ruff!" 7. The cute-cumber. 8. Because the egg cracked a yolk! 9. A turtleneck.

Answer Box

page 2

Fun This Month

Trick or Treat! Where's Our Street?



Mystery Photo—Slice of apple.

page 12

Go Fish!

Whirling Weather Words

1. Freezing.
2. Overcast.
3. Forecast.
4. Rainfall.
5. Humidity.
6. Blizzard.
7. Sprinkle.
8. Advisory.

page 18

Digit-al Mysteries

A. 46. B. 39. C. 61.

Burger Batch

3 and 5.

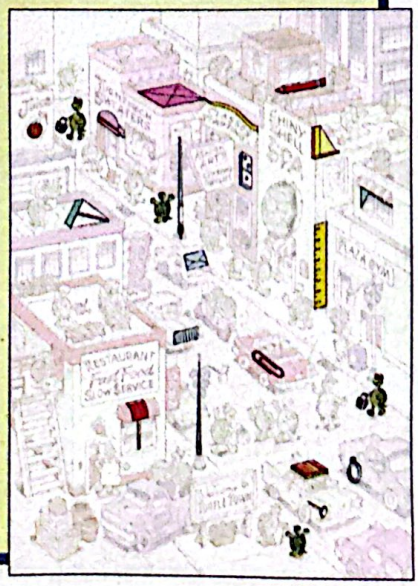
page 29

My Sci

Cool to the Touch—The metal tray feels cooler than the wood. Both objects have the same temperature, and both are cooler than your skin. But your sense of hot and cold is affected by *how fast* heat moves out of the surface of the skin. Since metal is a better conductor of heat, the warmth of your skin flows out quickly when you touch the metal. That's why the tray feels cooler.

page 43

Picture Puzzler



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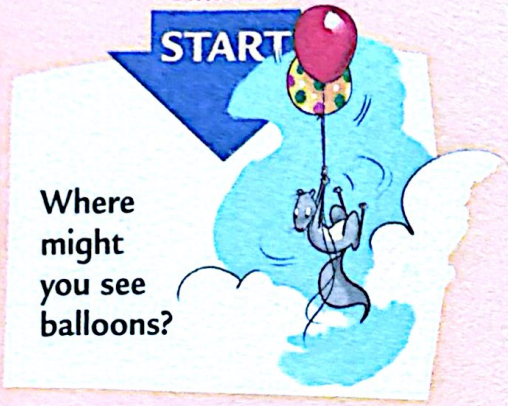
BrainPlay

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.



Where might you see balloons?

What is your favorite game? Why?

Name some things that squeak.

Would you rather play in a room that's messy or neat? Why?

Describe your favorite photo.

"A green bean looks kind of like a smile," said Adam. What do you think a pea looks like? A stalk of broccoli? A carrot?

How might a dog or cat "tell" you something?

How does a belt work?

If you wanted to create a new way to say that something is great, what words would you use?

How do you decide whether to use a fork, a spoon, or your hands to eat something?

"I finally found my book," said Amie.

"As the saying goes, 'It's always in the last place you look,'" said Mom. What did she mean by that?

How are you and your friends alike? How are you different?

"Cody has been my brother for all of my life and for most of his!" said Emma. Who is older?

How can you know what ingredients are in a food?

Imagine that everyone had the ability to stop time. What would that be like?

Is it possible for everyone in the world to have a different birthday? Why or why not?

Do all plants have leaves?

What makes you believe that you can trust a person?

Name some things that make it easier or harder for you to study.

If words didn't exist, how would life be different?

If you were in charge of testing bubble gum to make sure it was good enough to sell, what things would you want to test?

How does a meteorologist forecast the weather?

Why does a ball bounce differently on the sidewalk than it does on grass?

Do you wish others were more respectful to you? In what ways? How can you be more respectful to others?

Art by Erin Mauterer.

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Gargling Gargoyles

Roosters crow. Cats meow. Dogs bark. And gargoyles gargle!

By Marjorie Sembert Flintom

Gargoyles are stone carvings that are made for a purpose—to spit water! They are nothing but fancy gutters that direct rainwater away from buildings and protect the walls from water damage and erosion.

Gargoyles can be found on buildings all over the world. At the Washington National Cathedral in D.C., there are more than 100 gaping-mouthed waterspouts.

Vincent Palumbo was one of the many artists and sculptors who crafted the cathedral's statues, decorations, and gargoyles. From Molfetta, Italy, Palumbo was "born into the stone." He learned carving from his grandfather and father before moving to the United States in 1961.

Palumbo used simple chisels, mallets, and other tools handed down from his family. He later added an air hammer to make his cathedral work easier.

For Palumbo, "each piece represents a part of my art, my tradition, my family."

Palumbo and the other artists and sculptors who designed the gargoyles were given a lot of freedom. They used artists' models as starting points and "added life" to them, carving gargoyles the way they thought best. Master carver Roger Morigi admitted that "the more distorted and ugly they look, the better!"

Gargoyle ideas were often born around the lunch table in the cathedral's workshop where the carvers gathered. These ideas turned into gargoyles of friends, pets, or even each other.

After Morigi and another carver, John Guarente, had a disagreement, Guarente grumbled, "I'm gonna tell the world what he's like." He went on to create a paunchy, semi-toothless gargoyle of Morigi

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holding a chisel and mallet. Guarente's "tribute" to his friend first surprised, then later pleased, Morigi.

Sometimes people who donated money to the building of the cathedral offered gargoyle ideas. A proud grandfather had gargoyles built in honor of his twin grandsons. Another gargoyle is in memory of the dog of Alfred Harding, who was the Episcopal bishop of Washington from 1909 to 1923. The dog, named Kiddo, holds a book in its paws. A drainpipe "bone" comes out of the side of its mouth.

The Washington National Cathedral was dedicated on September 29, 1990. It had taken 83 years to build. Palumbo was the only full-time stone carver left working there. "Even though it's finished, it's not yet complete," he told *The Washington Post*. He estimated that "there's another century's worth of carving still to do." He added, "It is our work, our handwork, that is gonna stay here forever."

Rainwater comes out here.

Gargoyle comes from the Latin word gurgulio, meaning "throat."

Today, two staff workers take care of the cathedral and its repairs, including the gargoyles and other works in stone. All 112 gargoyles safely remain way up high, proudly looking over everyone and everything below with sleepless eyes.

Photos: pages 40–41 (top) and 40 (bottom) by Medioimages/Photodisc/Thinkstock; page 41 by Bryan Williman.

Gargoyles: Then and Now

Ancient Egyptian buildings had early versions of gargoyles. The Acropolis in Greece displayed them. And during the Middle Ages, gargoyles were perched atop the tallest, busiest, and most popular building in town—the church.

Along the roof line, the gargoyles performed their special job, day after day, month after month, year after year. Centuries ago, many religious people believed that gargoyles served as reminders for people to turn away from evil and toward God. These gargoyles often had scary features. Others saw gargoyles as great protectors, surveying everyone and everything below.

From the late 15th century to the present, gargoyles have become more decorative and often have exaggerated, cartoonish styles. They look like animals, people, or made-up creatures. They can be cute, majestic, funny, or downright ugly.

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Dear Highlights

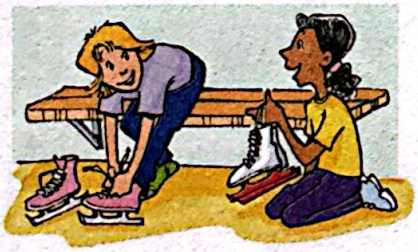
Whenever I clean my room, a day later it's messy. How does this happen?

John (by e-mail)

That sure can be frustrating! But usually it's things we do or don't do that make it messy.

Think about why you leave things around the room instead of putting them away. Are you in a hurry? Unsure of where to put them? Realizing why we do things can sometimes help us change.

Keeping things neat is a habit you develop by doing it. As soon as you're done using something, put it where it belongs. Before bed, quickly put away anything you forgot to handle earlier.



I take ice-skating. My best friend is starting soon, and I don't want her to. I wanted to do something different than what everyone else does. It seems like she copied me.

Sydney, Ohio

It's natural to want to do something that sets you apart.

Perhaps your friend was inspired to skate by hearing your excitement or seeing you perform. Being an inspiration to someone is a wonderful thing!

There are many more people than there are sports. What makes a sport special for each person is what he or she brings to it and gets from it.

Ice-skating could bring you and your friend closer, if you let it. You can practice together and help each other learn.

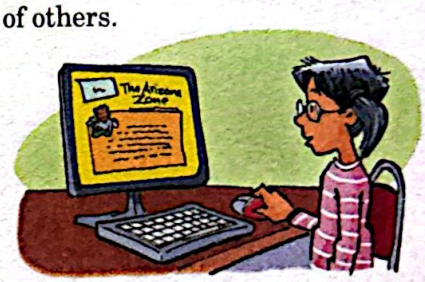
I'm angry that a referee made a wrong call in a game. What should I do? I tried pounding on my bed.

Isaac, Iowa

Athletes agree to abide by the rules of a game. Referees or officials are the ones who enforce the rules. In the classroom, teachers do that. In the home, parents do. Sometimes decisions and rules can be appealed. Sometimes they can't.

Dwelling on the past won't change it. Life has disappointments—some little, some big. How people react to those disappointments is what's important. It's up to each person to decide whether to hang on to them or let them go.

When you get upset with someone else's mistake, it might help to remind yourself that you make mistakes, too. Ask yourself, "When have I done something like that?" Remembering your own errors may give you more understanding for the mistakes of others.



Do you pick questions from real kids for the Ask Arizona® stories?

Emily (by e-mail)

Author Lissa Rovetch, who writes the Ask Arizona stories, makes up those questions. But she is often inspired by letters from real kids. Kids can share their Arizona question suggestions by visiting The Arizona Zone on HighlightsKids.com and sending a message to the "If You Could Ask Arizona . . ." area.

When you write to us, we like to write back to you. Please include your name, age, and full address. Mail to

Dear Highlights
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431
Or e-mail us at Letters@Highlights.com.

Art by Jenny Campbell

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Picture Puzzler

Art by David Helton

In this big picture, find the kite, ruler, sailboat, domino, paper clip, envelope, needle, pencil, teacup, slice of pie, book, snow shovel, artist's brush, comb, ring, button, pennant, and tack.

BONUS!
Find every letter of the alphabet in this scene. Then find two sets of matching turtles.

Answers for hidden objects and matching turtles on page 38.

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Visit our Web site!

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